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LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustrations: Lady Constance Butler; Children of Lady Aberdare</i>	129, 130, 137
<i>Reclaiming the Veldt</i>	130
<i>Country Notes</i>	131
<i>The Atherstone Country. (Illustrated)</i>	133
<i>Over Field and Furrow</i>	134
<i>Books of the Day</i>	135
<i>Wild Country Life</i>	136
<i>In the Garden</i>	137
<i>Doll's House Furniture. (Illustrated)</i>	138
<i>Candlemas Day</i>	140
<i>Poultry on the Borders. (Illustrated)</i>	141
<i>A Pet Raccoon</i>	143
<i>Gardens Old and New: Fulbrook House. (Illustrated)</i>	144
<i>Snails</i>	150
<i>A Wayle of the Water-byrdes</i>	152
<i>Wildfowl Pools and Teal Pits at Beaulieu, New Forest.—I. (Illustrated)</i>	153
<i>Shooting Notes</i>	154
<i>From the Farms. (Illustrated)</i>	155
<i>Literary Notes</i>	155
<i>Artificial Restraints in Forestry. (Illustrated)</i>	156
<i>On the Green</i>	158
<i>Correspondence</i>	158

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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RECLAIMING . . . THE VELD.

THERE are two criteria of the relative values, agriculturally, of Australia and South Africa. The one is that, when New Holland was theirs for the taking, the Dutch preferred to settle South Africa first. The other is the opinion of Australians themselves. As a people, the Australians are perhaps the best judges of undeveloped country, as they are the best mining prospectors in the world. Most Australian and New Zealand colonials, that is, who are not townsmen, acquire by their training and opportunities a *flair* for the potentialities, for the future values, pastorally, agriculturally, or otherwise, of new lands. And it was among the Australians, in the late war, that the strongest admiration for the Transvaal, and even more for the Orange River Colony, was expressed. The Englishman, if he sees a dry country, even so rich a dry country as, for example, Greece, is in danger of condemning it as a desert. The Canadian, too, has a tendency to insist on some measure of greenness as an essential condition of productivity. But the Australian contrasts his artesian bores, or the waters of Kalgoorlie—abundant, but salt, at roof—with the water-level of the Orange River Colony, which stands almost everywhere at a depth of about 30ft. And the pastures round Bethlehem, which are held by their owners of too great value to be used for any stock but the better stamp of horses, were ready cleared for the *vor-trekker*, whereas to clear away the trees in Gippsland costs £30 the acre.

But undoubtedly South Africa, like Australia itself, is patchy. In the Cape Colony, probably, little alteration in existing conditions may be looked for. The Bondsmen are not likely to part with more of their land than they can help to the Britisher. Natal, again, is scarcely a white man's country. On the lower levels, it is a semi-tropical paradise of pineapple and banana fields—what a Californian might describe as a sort of Chinaman's market-garden, with coolies instead of Chinese. Below the berg, in the upper end of the colony, it is a winter refuge for the stock from the high veldt; and everywhere, from the sea to Majuba, it is overrun with Kaffirs and Asiatics. Taking the two new colonies—the real field, as they should have been made, for a fresh English settlement—agriculture, without

irrigation, is only possible in patches. Looked at all round, the new territories are extraordinarily rich.

The condition of the natives is significant. When we English first settled Australia the southern part of the continent was relapsing into desert. The native grasses were failing, and the kangaroos were consequently becoming extinct. And if the landing of the English had been delayed for another half-century, it is probable that they would have found the country without an inhabitant. English grasses restored the balance of nature. In the Western Australian interior, before the rush of alluvial miners reached Kalgoorlie in 1894, it took some fifteen miles square of bush to keep each skeleton tribe of some twenty natives in lizards and water. Starvation forced them, in bad seasons, to eat their children. Compare with this the condition of South Africa, even at the end of a devastating war. The country teemed with "mealies," or Indian corn, to the last. The kraals of the natives, from which the owners had been deported, were stored with astonishing supplies—more, often, than the commissariat could attempt to remove. And even after the visible stock had been dealt with, the reserve stores of "earth" mealies underground usually remained undisturbed. The Kaffir, far from eking out a precarious diet of lizards by an occasional lapse into cannibalism, enjoys a rude abundance which would astonish the labouring population of any European country. An indefinite acreage of maize and kaffir corn, in every bottom, and along all the river banks—hoed by his wives, and guarded from the cattle by his children—furnish him with meal and beer. Goats and fowls, pigs and cattle, replenish his cooking-pot, and supply perennial calabashes of *maas*, or curdled milk, for his nursery. The Boers, even in 1902, were seldom reduced to eating the "clinkers" and bully-beef, the biscuits and tinned rations, they captured from our waggons. And our own mounted troops, with the assistance of their acquired knowledge of the resources of the country, were living far better at the end of the war than it was thought possible or politic to allow them to be fed two years earlier. In the eastern Free State, the district of Vrede and the Witkopjes was reported as having produced a record crop of mealies in 1901-2, though earlier in the year two columns had traversed it, breaking every plough that could be found. At present, there is little cultivation but the sporadic mealie-plots of the natives. But that is because pastoralism pays. It is a mistake to think that the Boer lives squalidly—for a colonial. The fencing is good—barbed wire on stone posts, proof against grass-fires. The dam, like as not, is faced with stone. The homestead itself is of sound ashlar, roofed only with the corrugated iron which, in an English colony, would have provided the occupant with his whole residential dutch-oven. The orchard, near the house, is well laid out, with peaches, figs, oranges, and walnut trees. And if the vegetables are mainly, perhaps, pumpkins, there is sometimes a wealth of roses in the garden. Mules from Spain, stud-stock from all parts of the United Kingdom, force-pumps from America, were found listed in the order books of the better sort of farms.

The irrigation question is at the mercy of the experts. In Australia, where they have a similar question to solve, great things are expected of Mr. Deakin. Mr. Deakin, it is to be observed, has studied the question on the spot, in America as well as in India and Egypt. It may be hinted, perhaps, even to Lord Milner, that Asiatic experience alone should not be consulted. There are dams and conduits in Spain; and the financial, as well as the mechanical, systems of the great American irrigation enterprises in Arizona and the West have their particular interest as being worked with success amongst a white population. One thing, in particular, must be borne in mind. Irrigation on a really large scale can never be permanently successful unless the water is distributed by gravitation. The policy of the *shaduf*, or any attempt, like the Coolgardie water scheme, or the Mildura and Renmark colonies, to make water run up-hill, is foredoomed to failure. The conditions of land settlement, while well-intentioned, have been made, perhaps, too onerous. The scheme promulgated from Bloemfontein last year was intended as an improved adaptation from an Australian model. The yearly payments it fastened on the struggling settler were absurd. With interest on loaned money and instalments of purchase-price, they amounted to just double what he could pay, and double what is asked of his Antipodean brother-in-affliction.

It is a pity that Pretoria pigeon-holed General Rundle's scheme for the holding of the fastnesses of the Brandwater Basin by a military colony.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

A PICTURE of Lady Constance Butler and her two pugs forms our frontispiece this week. Lady Constance is the second daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, and is well known both in Dublin and in London. On page 137 will be found a pretty group of three of the children of Lord and Lady Aberdare.



"**M**OATHLODI" is the sonorous name that the Kaffirs have invented for Mr. Chamberlain. It means a man who puts things straight, and we can well understand the sincerity of his declaration that nothing during the course of his tour has given him more pleasure than to have this title bestowed upon him. The negro is in many respects very like a little child, and we all know how exactly a child will sometimes find the right name for a person or thing. In this case it would scarcely be possible to imagine a happier designation.

An interesting announcement has been made that a body of 3,000 people of the Anglo-Saxon race will in March of the present year start to form a colony in the North-West Territory of Canada. This seems to be partly the result of the extensive purchases of Canadian land by American capitalists. To some extent it arises from a wish to escape to some land where laws are not so complicated and national obligations so heavy as they are in the Republic of the United States. A significant fact about the movement is that it has been decided to admit no foreigners. This, perhaps, may be described as narrow, but, on the other hand, the experience of people, both in Great Britain and America, of the impecunious foreigner has created a very sincere desire on the part of working-men of the Anglo-Saxon race to keep by themselves. This feeling, we need scarcely say, is very strong in London at the present moment, and its being carried into effect in the wilds of Canada shows that it is more than a passing dislike.

We are very glad to see that an agitation is being got up against the growing practice of using drugs as preservatives of milk. A departmental committee of the Board of Agriculture has reported very adversely upon it, and undoubtedly it is capable of leading to very great abuse. Boracic acid, which is the most common preservative used, may possibly not be exactly injurious when taken in small quantities, but the use of it facilitates adulteration and the passing off of sour and stale milk as fresh. On the other hand, by means of milk-purifying aerator refrigerators, milk can be carried as far as English farmers wish to carry it and delivered to the consumer fresh and good. The purity of milk is a matter that very strongly affects the juvenile population, as in several districts of London infant mortality has been directly traced to tainted drugged or fermented milk. Another consideration is that if preservatives are used, there is nothing to hinder the foreigner from dumping down in London supplies of milk from dairies out of our control, which, therefore, might be nests for the germs of any disease. An indirect danger is that people will not fully realise the importance of this question and will not make a sufficiently vigorous protest against the use of preservatives. The only effectual way of operating against them is to forbid milk being drugged in any way whatever.

We have heard lately a striking instance of the proved utility of owls in keeping down the small vermin. On an estate in the Midlands there was perpetual trouble with some scattered holly plantations that the proprietor was trying to establish. For a long while the reason of the repeated deaths of the trees escaped discovery, but at length the cause of the trouble was fairly proved to be voles, that nibbled the bark all round till the young tree died. Hitherto the keepers had been allowed much of their own, not too intelligent, way in the matter of vermin-killing, and classing owls, as usual, under this head, had slain any owl that they caught napping. But now, when the mischief done by the voles was realised, the killing of an owl was made a criminal offence, and the result is that within a very few years the plague of voles has ceased to inflict the young hollies to any fatal extent and the trees are flourishing. A logician may object that no proof positive of the connection between the increase of owls and decrease of voles is forthcoming, but we must take such proof as we can get, and prefer reasonable common-sense to unreasonable logic.

A new entertainment that seems to be coming into fashion as a way of passing the winter in a climate not quite so disagreeably diversified as our own is to go out to South Africa and make the tour of the battlefields. It is an expedition that is often likely to awake some very painful memories, but can hardly fail to be of interest. It must be of especial interest to those who have taken an active share in the fighting in those fields, and it may be imagined that there will be instances in which the fighters may be surprised at the different aspect that the scene seems to wear and the differences in the actual geographical contours from what had seemed, in the heat of battle, to be their appearance at that exciting moment. It is at least a change from the stereotyped winter holiday on the Riviera.

A charming halfway house, either to or from the Cape, may be found at Orotava, in the Canary Islands. It may be regarded as quite certain that these islands, with Madeira, give a far better winter climate than is to be found elsewhere within anything like the same distance from Great Britain. To be sure, the journey is a sea journey, but after the first two days from England it is delightful to feel the climate gradually changing to a more genial one, with softer airs. Of the Canary Islands, Orotava, in Teneriffe, is the more beautiful of the two chief places of the Briton's resort, the other being Las Palmas, in Grand Canary. The subtropical flora in Orotava is charming, but there is a comparative humidity in the climate that makes it less perfect for those who have any pulmonary weakness than Las Palmas. Funchal, in Madeira, is a sun-trap, and delightfully picturesque, but the excessively steep gradients of its roads make it almost necessary for the visitor to cultivate the gentle art of doing nothing during his whole stay. There is a special interest about all these islands to relieve the monotony—that the passenger boats call in from the Cape on the one side, and from the West African Coast on the other. For the last year or two no passenger from the Cape has been other than an object of interest to those nearer home; and continually in the small wars of the West Coast unrecorded acts of heroism are being performed that await their Kipling to immortalise them, and we may catch a passing echo of these in the hotels of Las Palmas.

Sir Henry Irving, at the meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund the other night, gave some very sensible advice to those wishing to become members of his profession. In very few callings are young men and women so constantly duped by specious and fraudulent advertisements. A number of sharks of one kind and another live by making a pretence of preparing novices for the stage, and in nine cases out of ten they are quite incompetent. Sir Henry Irving told those who are ambitious to distinguish themselves behind the footlights that the only certain method of preparing themselves for such a career is a course of hard work on the actual stage. They may perhaps regard this as cold water poured upon their ambition, but experience will demonstrate to such as succeed that Sir Henry Irving's advice was sound and good.

Professor Karl Pearson has been devoting a great deal of time and attention to the vexed question as to the relations of health and athletics to intelligence. So far as his investigations have gone they have led him to the same conclusion as most of the great thinkers who have taken up the problem have come to. He finds that the athletic lad is considerably more intelligent than the non-athletic, but, curiously enough, slightly more self-conscious. Professor Pearson has accumulated a vast mass of statistics which he says it will take years to exhaust, and very naturally so, for, although the athletic powers of a boy may be fairly tested by comparison with former records, a competitive examination is by no means an ideal standard with which to measure his intelligence.

Enthusiasts in the cause of temperance so frequently run to ridiculous extremes, thereby defeating their own object, that the new form of pledge inaugurated at All Souls', Langham Place, with the sanction of the Bishop of London, is welcome. The leader of the movement is the Rev. F. S. Webster, who says truly, "When whisky is drunk instead of afternoon tea, and ladies take champagne before lunch, it is obvious that something must be done to promote temperance, even by those who shrink from the more Spartan remedy of total abstinence." Therefore he proposes "A solemn undertaking never to take intoxicating drinks except at the midday and evening meals." All wise persons will wish every success to the movement, which is moderate, and does not deny us the proper use of the good things of this world.

The advocates of temperance have received a new argument in favour of their principles. Dr. Hewitt, in a lecture on the use of anæsthetics at the London Hospital, dealt with the effects of excessive drinking and smoking on a patient about to be put under chloroform. In alcoholic subjects enormous quantities of the anæsthetic are generally required, the excitement stage is unduly

prolonged, and the recovery of consciousness rapidly takes place. In extreme cases laughing gas takes practically no effect. Heavy smokers, too, are sometimes difficult to deal with, and the worst case of all is that of the man who both drinks and smokes immoderately. Most of us do not regulate our lives with a view to preparing for a severe operation, but this clear evidence of the effect of alcohol and tobacco may lead some to think whether other deleterious results do not follow drinking and smoking to excess.

TIDDY MUN.

When silence falls on daylight birds,
And folded flocks release their herds,
A voice is heard about the Cars—
A voice that has not any words,
But mourns and wanders 'neath the stars.

You thought it was the plover's cry,
"The plover's call as it went by—
Entreating to its far-off mate."
So you the stranger—not so I,
Who with elf's eyes watch human state.

That is the voice of Tiddy Mun—
The oldest fairy 'neath the sun—
Sometimes of human eyes he's seen
Near bog-holes that the Car-folk shun
In cap and coat of Lincoln green.

He has the marshes in his care,
A stooping shape with cotted hair,
And long white beard, and eyes that grieve
Because so few the springs that were
So many. Thus he mourns at eve.

If you would please him as we bide
The change and turn of time and tide,
Pour out a pail of water clear
Over your doorsill when you hear
The plover's wandering cry outside,
And Tiddy Mun will hold you dear.

NORA CHESSON.

At all times a fire is one of the most dreadful scourges which can possibly attack mankind. The terrible suddenness of the danger and the fearful suffering it entails seem to paralyse the faculties even of the bravest, so that anyone is likely to lose his presence of mind. How awful the confusion must have been at the fire which broke out at Colney Hatch on the morning of Tuesday last, is too terrible to imagine. The miserable inmates, at all times prone to panic, seem to have become perfectly frantic, and although every effort was made to rescue and restrain them, many must have perished where people in their ordinary senses might have escaped very easily. There does not seem to be any real explanation as to how the fire originated, but a thorough investigation will no doubt be made. It is obviously the duty of the authorities to take every precaution against an outbreak of fire in an institution of this nature, and though perhaps no one is to blame, a full enquiry is highly desirable, and the general public will not be satisfied unless one is held.

At the rookery in Gray's Inn a little tragedy has occurred. Last year a pair of carrion crows appeared in the midst of their relatives, and created all the terror and excitement of an arrival of bandits. We are very sorry to say that the authorities seem to have taken the view of the rooks themselves. They condemned the unfortunate crows to death, and last month carried out their felonious design by means of eggs poisoned with strychnine. This was rather a pity. The carrion crow is a rarer bird than the rook in London, and if being interesting and amusing entitles him to protection, his credentials are better than those of the other. At any rate, the use of poison was unsportsmanlike, and we hope the precedent will not be followed in the case of any other feathered strangers that arrive in London.

The ten good men and true whom Mr. Gosse designed to form the nucleus of his "Academie Goncourt" have with one accord agreed to decline his alluring invitation. They even do so with gibes and jeers. Mr. Zangwill holds that to become an academician is the greatest of all sins, and Mr. Gissing points out that the custom of officialism is not to be removed by means of monthly dinners. The others are equally obdurate, and so Mr. Gosse is left lamenting at the perversity of the English literary man.

A very curious example of literary enthusiasm run mad comes to us from Moscow. Along one of the prettiest streets, where sledges were running in the snow, a newly-married lady walked with her husband. The couple excited no attention from the great mass of the bystanders, and might have gone on their way in peace and quiet, but that an impulsive young lady coming past at the time and seeing them broke away from her husband and shouted, "Gorky! it is the great Maxim Gorky! Welcome to Moscow!" Not content with directing attention in this way to the rising and eminent novelist, she flung herself into his arms and exclaimed, "Renowned Maxim Gorky, let me give you a kiss

for your last drama. It is a model, as you will be." If this had really been M. Gorky, it would have been sufficiently embarrassing, but, as it happened, the novelist was some hundreds of miles away, and, as appeared when the police had succeeded in carrying the whole party to the station, the person who was thus publicly embraced had no connection whatever with either novels or drama. As a matter of fact, the disturbance arose because of an assault which his wife there and then began upon Maxim Gorky's fair disciple.

Trial by jury may be a very fine institution, but it has certain disadvantages. The Peasenhall murder took place on June 1st of last year, and on June 3rd William Gardiner was arrested and charged with the crime. Twice the jury have disagreed, and now, for the third time, the case is postponed, and in the ordinary run of things it would not come up again until June of the present year. In other words, it appears that for twelve months a charge of murder may hang over a man and he be kept in confinement and not allowed to transact his usual business. On the merits of the case there is no word to be said at present, since it is still under consideration, but the incident illustrates very forcibly the inconvenience attached to having criminal trials conducted only at Assize times. There seems to be no good reason for keeping up the old custom of judges travelling from place to place. Every serious charge ought to be settled with the utmost expedition consistent with careful examination of the evidence.

Some of the evils connected with spiritualism have been curiously exemplified in a case that occurred at Vienna. Mrs. Taubner was a widow, and a firm believer in the possibility of holding communication with those who had passed to the other side. She frequently attended *séances*, and at one of these asked through a medium whether her late husband would permit her to marry a new suitor, who had appeared since his death. The message delivered by the medium was that her first husband strongly objected to this, and would very much prefer that she would come to him in Paradise at an early date. She took the message quite literally, and straightway went home and poisoned herself with arsenic for the purpose of rejoining him. Her last words, spoken in terrible agony, were, "I am coming, John, as you called me!" We earnestly hope that the medium who was directly accountable for the crime of this weak-minded woman will receive the punishment which he most certainly deserves.

Though Ireland is now perhaps the worst-wooded country of Europe, it at one time was rich in forests. Before the first invasion of the English, splendid woods were to be found round Ellana, as Dublin was then called. The fair green of Oxmantown was once covered with woods that extended westward over the whole of what is now the Phoenix Park, and from it William Rufus drew the timber for the roof of Westminster Hall, where, as the chronicle of Dr. Hanmer has it, "no English spider webbeth or breedeth to this day." It was from Cullenswood that, only a generation after the coming of the Norman, on the "Black Easter Monday" of 1209, the Byrnes and Tooles made their descent on the Bristol men of Dublin, ending in a most disastrous massacre. In the times of Queen Elizabeth it was a well-known saying that "the Irish will never be tamed so long as the leaves are on the trees." Now, no one would ever think Ireland had once been well wooded, unless he could see some of the fallen giants, in the shape of the enormous oaks, pines, etc., yet to be found in the bogs.

The Maya people of Yucatan are peculiar in making a habit of using their toes just as much as their hands. An American who visited that country lately tells of seeing a pig break into a house—after the manner of our friend "the gentleman that pays the rent" in Ireland—and the vain efforts of a woman to drive piggy out, until at length, getting a chance as the animal ran past the door, she seized him by the tail with the great and second toe of her right foot, and "with a graceful swing landed the pig some yards beyond the threshold."

In spite of all the complaints that we have heard from our sea-fishers of the failure of our harvest of the sea, they never have been reduced to anything like the unfortunate straits of the poor sardine fishers of Brest, who, with their families, are literally existing on charity at the present moment. We surely may congratulate ourselves on the comparative good fortune of our own sea fishermen without incurring the suspicion that such congratulations are an illustration of the maxim of the great French cynic that in the misfortunes of others there always is something affording us pleasure. We have nothing but sincerest pity for the unmerited sufferings of the poor Brest fishers. Moreover, we can appreciate the sardine, and his failure to appear where the nets are ready for his capture touches us—lightly, it is true, but personally. In the meantime, our East Coast herring fisheries have been so productive as to send up the marriage rate among the fisherfolk quite appreciably.

THE ATHERSTONE COUNTRY.

THE two famous countries now known as the Atherstone and the Meynell had a common origin. Both, in a certain sense, were made by Mr. Osbaldeston, the famous squire whose exploits in the hunting-field meet us on every page of the old writers on hunting. Like most other suitable countries, the Atherstone and the Meynell were hunted over by various private packs before they developed into subscription Hunts of the modern type.

The first Master who rose to fame—or, at any rate, obtained a record—was Lord Vernon, who hunted the Leicestershire side of the Atherstone, which nowadays draws such crowds from Rugby. The uniform of the Vernon Hunt was orange, and there was keen rivalry when the Quornites in pink came over the border. It was owing to a quarrel with Sir Henry Every that Osbaldeston, who hunted a wide district, including the Sudbury country and a part of Staffordshire, gave up in 1815 all but that part which is now known as the Atherstone. It is remarkable that the Atherstone has very often been hunted by amateurs in the course of its history. Its golden age was in the time of Lord Anson, who began by being an indifferent horseman and a very moderate huntsman. Such, however, was his love for hounds and their working, that he became a straight rider, and as a huntsman showed a great deal of sport. Lord Anson, indeed, had a very first-rate country, as by Lord Middleton's permission he drew some of the best of the Warwickshire woodlands—Meriden, Frantton, as well as the famous Shuckburgh country. Then came several Masters of no

great note from a hunting point of view—Mr. Adderley of Hams House, with whom the famous Mr. Shaw spent but one night after his engagement as huntsman, because he found that his duties included attendance at family prayers, and Mr. Applethwaite, of whom all we know is, that the younger members of the Hunt called him "Old Apple Tart." Then Colonel Anstruther Thomson came for his first Mastership. Of

recent Masters, Mr. W. E. Oakeley had a long and successful reign of twenty years. After him came Mr. Inge, and the present Master is Mr. Gerald Hardy, who was well known as a polo player when the Freebooter team was carrying all before it. Lord Southampton, the late Colonel Le Gallais, and Captain D. St. G. Daly were the other three. During Mr. Hardy's Mastership the Hunt has done well; the pack has improved, and there is less wire than there was, though still enough remains to mar a very excellent country in some degree.

At the close of this season Mr. Hardy retires, and he will be much regretted. A very straight and somewhat reckless rider, a keen sportsman without being that only, he has won respect as well as affection in his country. The Atherstone is a four days a week Hunt, of which two days are spent in an excellent country, second to none. The Rugby district is indeed Leicestershire at its best, and the great Nimrod thought it was only surpassed by some of the cream of the Quorn. On Fridays there is always a great crowd, and the best of the Pytchley men come over the border. For the rest of the week the Atherstone



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THE MASTER, MR. GERALD HARDY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A HOT SCENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

country has more plough and smaller fences, but is delightful to hunt over on account of its scenting properties—hounds can run here as often as anywhere—and also because its fences are generally within the compass of a fairly well schooled hunter.

To enter into the best of the sport on Friday a man needs to have out two Leicestershire horses of the type that Lord Anson, already written of, delighted in—upstanding horses, nearly thorough-bred, not under sixteen hands, and covering a great deal of ground in their stride. With a bad horse no one can ride to hounds in the best part of the Atherstone, unless he has the iron frame of a certain Mr. Henry Kingscote, who flourished in Lord Anson's time, and who got to the end of a fine run on a horse afterwards discovered to be blind. But the rider had eleven bad falls on the way. Atherstone is just eighteen miles from Birmingham, and the country on that side is the roughest and least favoured. Deep, dark woods, hairy, ragged fences, not to speak of coal-mines here and there, are among the characteristics of a district which has its uses in teaching hounds self-reliance and the huntsman patience. When we lived at Atherstone we saw some good hunts on that side of the country, nor will any crowd impede the sportsman there. In those days some of the old school of yeomen and parsons and lawyers still survived. There were some first-rate cellars of port wine in the neighbourhood of Atherstone. "Do you drink much wine?" asked a Birmingham physician of one of the old Leicestershire yeomen who had gone to consult him. "No, not much; seldom more than a bottle."

But those were prosperous days, when everyone hunted, keeping one or two good horses, and treating the sport as a recreation to be taken in the intervals of work, and not as the business of life. They worked hard, played hard, and, according to our notions, drank hard. The Hunt servants of the Atherstone have generally been men of note, from Robert Thurlow, who was whipper-in to Mr. Assheton Smith in the winter, and cook and boatswain on the yacht in the summer, to Castleman, whose name will be associated with the Mastership of Mr. Oakeley, or Whitmore, the present huntsman, the worthy son of a most admirable father.

The Witherley Kennels, which were built by Mr. Osbaldeston, the funds being supplied by a Hunt Club which he founded, have

never been without a good pack of hounds, nor have there ever been better than those there to-day. The Atherstone country is fortunate in the landowners. Lord Howe at Gopsall, a magnificent house full of interesting memorials, Lord Denbigh at Newnham Paddox, from whose coverts many good runs have had their beginning, the Dugdales of Merevale, the Newdegates of Arbury (immortalised in Mr. Gilfil's love story), the Townsends of Caldecote, and many others are, and have been for generations, supporters of the Hunt. There are, too, many places where a man with a small stable could place himself for the winter, sure of seeing a great deal of sport, always within easy distance of London. There is, for example, Atherstone itself, and Nuneaton, as near as possible to the centre of the hunt; Lutterworth, with the Pytchley and Mr. Fernie's as the chief items in the hunting fare, but within reach of the choice little Atherstone corner round Bitteswell and Twelve



Copyright

MR. GERALD HARDY AND THE PACK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Acres; while there is always Rugby, with four or five packs at command, two hours from London, and the best of polo in spring and autumn.

The pictures which illustrate this article will give a good idea of the country hunted over by the Atherstone, and of the hounds. Very characteristic is the picture of the Master bending over to speak to the old woodman in the courteous way that wins him many friends, albeit he can check a too eager rider or snub a too forward youngster as well as anyone. Then the group of Whitmore and the hounds gives us a good idea of the power and quality of the pack. We may, perhaps, sum up the Atherstone by saying that it is of all the grass countries the one which will show most sport to the man with a moderate stud, a keen heart, and a limited purse. Y.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

NATURALLY it is but little there is to tell. We had but three days' hunting after the frost. True, it might have been four, for the Pytchley had rather a pleasant hunt on Wednesday from Mr. Cross's at Cathorpe, drawing Lilbourne and Stanford and other famous coverts. But who could have believed it possible to hunt? Indeed, it was only the excellence of Mr. Fernie's run on Thursday that led men to forget the treacherous nature of the ground; everyone had most virtuous resolutions. Well, the run was an illustration of your article and photographs, which, by the way (the photographs I mean), were much appreciated in the Hunt. We saw the bitch pack at their best, and had an illustration of what is, perhaps, their one fault. They do not say quite enough at a find. Two or three couple slipped the rest at Rolleston. If the pack caught them before they threw up their heads at or near Lord Morton's Gorse few of us knew. They were three fields ahead when we cleared the wood at Rolleston, and as each rise of that rolling sea of grass was topped the pack with one red coat in attendance were seen slipping over the next. A long way behind



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INTO COVERT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

came the foremost horses—the whipper-in's grey, the wonderful mare with a tube in her throat, a good chestnut that knows every yard of the line. Everyone, in fact, was much as he or she started. There was no making up ground, and we ran straight into the Quorn country, and never a check or a hover all the way. There was nothing to be said about music after the start—the pace was too good, and few were near enough to hear it if there had been any to listen to. With the first check all was over. Then came a hunt with a fox roused out by some foot-people. If the bitches raced before, they hunted now, making their own casts and working with great fire, and showing to those who cared to look their beautiful action. A dark-coloured bitch about the middle of the pack was always at work, and seemed to be generally right. It was a pity that after the pack had worked so well, and had just settled on the line of the fox, a dog should have chased him and extinguished the scent; otherwise we might have had a very pleasant gallop into the Cottesmore country. As it was we went off to Sheephorns. This move was unexpected. The field was manageable, there were no hollies, and the fox was halfway on the road to Ilston, on the top of the hill, before anyone but the officials saw him. Better still, hounds came out unpressed, and had time to settle on the line.

I have now but little space to touch on the Cottesmore run of Friday. Mr. Hanbury gave us a bye-day, and Thatcher showed what a clever huntsman with a first-rate pack of hounds can do with a good fox and a moderate scent. How that fox found in Cottesmore Gorse (they met at the kennels) was kept moving on such a scent nearly as far as Coston Covert in the Belvoir it would be difficult to say. These things are a secret between the huntsman and his hounds. It has been said that if there is a scent a bad huntsman can do little harm, and if there is none, even a good huntsman is no use. True enough, but there are so many shades of good and bad: it is seldom perhaps that scent is first-rate on the one hand or hopeless on the other. In the intermediate conditions of scent the tale of sport tells us where the difference lies. Two-thirds of the superiority of one huntsman to another lies in the way his hounds come to him. One man does not see his chances quicker than the other, but he can put his hounds where he wants them to be in half the time. In Warwickshire and North Warwickshire they have had fair sport since the frost, notably the Warwickshire hunt on Friday last in the afternoon, which closed in Itchington Holt at dark. The death of Lady Graham recalls a past of hunting



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IN A WOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Riggles and Others (George Newnes, Limited). Of their merits we really have very little to say. Since the production of "Mrs. Green" the literary powers of the authoress have developed and ripened to an extraordinary degree, and the scope of this book is both broader and deeper than that of its predecessor. The wit is clear and keen; the humour is genial, and there are flashes down into the depths of human pain and feeling, and gleams of pathos and tenderness that were not visible in the first work. Indeed, some of the stories, though related in the style of a comedy, have the depth of old tragedy. We might take, as an example, the touching sketch called "The Sating Jacket." Its heroine is a cheerful and beautifully-minded old woman, whose time has come for going to the workhouse, and who accepts her fate as being a part of "the course of nature."

Her consolation is, "An' it isn't as if I was goin' into the 'ouse like any common tramp, neither. They'll know that when they sees me. I'm a-takin' me bits of things along with me, I am. That's where the 'ouse is better nor the grave." What consoles her most of all is the garment that gives the title to the story. "Ah, what they'll say when they sees me a-walking up in that black sating jacket, I don't know! I don't suppose they horften sees sech a jacket as that in the 'ouse. Why, the 'ole villidge 'as looked up to it for years!" In opposition to this fine simple-minded old body are her son and a coarse buxom village girl, to whom he is engaged, Florrie May Day. Florrie has set her heart not only upon getting the old woman to go to the workhouse, but also on obtaining possession of the "sating jacket." "As if it was natchrul a young woman should want 'er mother-in-law halways a-settin' aroun'. The place is a poky little 'ole enough for two, 'eving knows. An' p'raps there won't halways be honly two."



Copyright THE ATHERSTONE: FILING THROUGH A NARROW GATE. "C.L."

history. Her husband, Sir Bellingham Graham, succeeded Oshaldeston in the Quorn Mastership about 1821.

Changes in Hunt Mastership are few. Mr. Podmore exchanges the Vine for the Cottesmore, and we shall no doubt soon hear that Mr. Gerald Hardy is in harness again as a Master in his native county. X.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TODAY we have the great pleasure of announcing that an important addition has been made to the "COUNTRY LIFE Library of Fiction." During the last year or two the name of Miss Evelyn E. Rynd has become very familiar to our readers. They have invariably given a cordial welcome to the stories which from time to time have appeared from her pen, and we are sure that a great number will be glad to learn that Miss Rynd's delightful sketches have now been collected into a volume under the title of *The*

It is a pity to spoil the tale for the reader, so we will not say more of the development of the story, or of the fate of the old woman after her "eighty years of dawn and eventide in the Kentish valley." The story is perhaps the most powerful that Miss Rynd has written. If it is open to criticism at all it lies in this—that the lines are too definite and hard; the characters want light and shade; they come near to being qualities rather than persons. "The Vicaridge Wash," the story with which the book opens, does not suffer from any defect of this kind. It runs through the whole gamut of human life. The writer is at her brightest and wittiest, as she shows us a succession of villagers, most of them more squalid than would be found in any really remote rural hamlet. There is something of Whitechapel, something of the Jago in Miss Rynd's rural scene. But her brightness never suffers even a temporary eclipse. "For a moment Mrs. Huggins' countenance closely resembled one of those battle scenes in Shakespeare,

where the chief stage directions for several columns are 'Alarums, Excursions, Exit.' Emotion after emotion crossed her visage, all fighting desperately; but the one that finally overcame and swallowed up the rest was towering rage." That sentence might serve as no inept description of Miss Rynd's own work: "Emotion after emotion crossed her visage, all fighting desperately."

When "Mrs. Green" was published some discussion arose as to the dialect employed. It is not like that of any other writer in the English language, and critics naturally enough were unable to localise it. But in this they failed to recognise how absolutely right Miss Rynd is in her method of fiction. Dialect in the old sense scarcely exists nowadays, or, at any rate, it is being modified as never was the case before. The agencies bringing about this change are too well known to need enumeration. A country child, in point of fact, uses two languages—one in the school, where the teacher tries as far as possible to inculcate what he or she thinks to be correct English, the other at home, where probably some broad landward *patois* is still in use. The child cannot keep them absolutely distinct, but probably shocks the teacher now and then by introducing into the school English some words picked up at the peasant fireside or in the farmyard, and when among his comrades he will naturally enough lapse more or less into the language of his lessons. This is one modifying influence upon the old dialects. Another is the ease and rapidity of travelling. This brings to the door a number of people, such as commercial travellers and others, who carry along with their samples of goods samples of the latest slang and the catch-words of the town they happen to hail from. The cockney popular songs float out from the music-hall to the uttermost parts of the earth in almost no time. The language of the peasant, instead of being as of old a tongue learned from his parents and kinsfolk, is a strange jargon and medley of old dialect, slang, school inspector's English, and patter from theatre and music-hall. Now Miss Rynd has not formed her dialect in imitation of what she found in Dickens or any other writer of cockney or semi-cockney, but she has listened to the actual talk of the people in her village and has transcribed it into her book. It is a shock to those whose training has been wholly literary, that is to say, those who have formed their ideas of the manner in which the labouring classes speak from conversations in works of fiction, but whoever has studied this matter from the living, breathing models will readily admit that our authoress has reproduced the language of her people with the utmost truth and fidelity. In fact, that is one crowning merit of Miss Rynd's writing. She does not appear to have lived to any large extent in the world of books, but has taken her impressions direct from life. She, as it were, paints from Nature itself, and not from other people's pictures of Nature; and as human nature has been keenly observed and vividly depicted, the summary effect is one of vivacious life. What can be better, for instance, than the language of that charming story, "The Riggleses Pew?" Mr. and Mrs. Riggles, two admirably-drawn village characters, have succeeded to admiration in befooling a new curate and in raising a pathetic scene. No sooner has he gone away, than a gossip of Mrs. Riggles, Mrs. Williams, comes out from the back door to hear about the new comer:

"An' what is 'e like, Mrs. Riggles, me dear?" enquired Mrs. Williams, conversationally.

"A kind-bartid young man, if not over clear-headed," replied Mrs. Riggles, 'an' well-growed."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Williams, 'I like 'em large.'

"Hiri-h," added Mrs. Riggles, after a moment.

"I 'eard as much," replied Mrs. Williams, returning her glance.

"As H rish as the vicar, bless 'im," said Mrs. Riggles. She picked up a pail, paused, looked thoughtfully at the sky, and turned to re-enter the cottage.

"An' heasy manidged," she said, with a meditative sigh."

Miss Rynd is very often extremely happy in her endings—we mean artistically. When Mrs. Riggles succeeds in getting the sweetheart of "Beetris" to write a letter of the chop and tomato sauce variety, this follows:

"When the door closed upon him every one looked at each other and drew a long breath.

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, 'of hall the borned geniuses, Merier's the most.'

"Suddenly an idea struck them all simultaneously. They glanced at each other again and then sprang to the window with one consent. There was a breathless pause.

"On! harnt! harnt!" said Beatrice, between tears and happy laughter, 'e's passed the Whiteses' door."

We shall give one more quotation, partly to convey a further idea of the dialect, and still more to show the detached attitude of mind in which the work is done. It is a description, which occurs in what we believe to be the most artistic story in the volume, "Mrs. Gale's Garding," by a woman of the beating she has received from her husband:

"'E's been darncin' the polka to that steady for the larst 'alf-our,' said Mrs. Bings thoughtfully. 'Sung slow, with sudding 'ops, which nothin' could 'a' been plesinger, till 'e began for to knock me down whenever 'e fell 'isself, which 'e did 't serprised an' reproachful-like an' mos' natchrul through hiritation,

'im thinkin' it was me, but, becomin' dang'rous, 'e 'ad to be left a-darncin' lonesome, as is a thing 'e finds mos' disapintin'."

It would be very pleasant to linger over the old and new characters Miss Rynd has brought together in this volume, wherein she proves, once and for all, her right to a high place among living novelists. But, like all the finest work, it does not lend itself readily to the quotation of snippets, and we would only recommend the reader to venture forth and taste it for himself.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BRIGHT EGGS AND DOWDY MOTHERS.

ALREADY reports of premature birds' nests are coming in, and it is worth noting that those kinds of birds which lay earliest in open nests seem to have eggs of conspicuous colours, suggesting that there is some special advantage in the colour which outweighs the risk of discovery. Of course, the risk is brief. From the time that a bird begins to sit the eggs are hardly ever left uncovered, and during the short periods when the female leaves the nest the male generally takes her place. So hedge-sparrows are allowed to have bright blue eggs—the advantage of the blue colour being quite another story—although by themselves they certainly invite discovery. It almost seems as if Nature found it worth while to let them be conspicuous during the few days while the whole clutch—a word to which the greed of collectors, who are depopulating the country of its rare birds, has given a sinister meaning—is being laid, so that, if the nest happens to be in a dangerous place, it may be robbed at once, before much time has been wasted. After that, however, the perfect agreement of colour and marking in the brown-streaked plumage of the sitting hedge-sparrow with the rim of the nest and the twigs around it shows that every detail has been arranged with a view to her safety. For this same reason the young of all birds are almost invariably coloured like the female parent, in order that they, too, may escape discovery.

A LAME FUGITIVE.

There are few acts of kindness more difficult than the rendering of "first aid" to a wounded wild creature. Often it will kick and struggle away what is left of its life in frantic efforts to escape from the sympathetic hands that have picked it up, or it will batter its wound against the bars of a cage rather than rest and recover in captivity. Even when you can give it open space and comparative liberty, the wild thing schemes to defeat your kindness at every turn. The other day we picked up a lame moorhen, which made so futile and splashing an attempt to hide in a water-rat's hole that we felt sure it would be killed by the first enemy that came along. We put it in a high-walled yard which has been used as hospital for wounded peewits, jackdaws, hoodie crows, and partridges. To prevent it from escaping before the cure should be complete one of its wings was cut, yet it got out of the yard the same night, having, in spite of its injured leg, somehow climbed a vine trained to our wall, and from this jumped cornerwise to the top of the adjoining wall, and so away. A fortnight later at the very spot where we had originally found it, a good mile across country from the house, a lame moorhen again attracted attention, and when it attempted to fly, it could not do so, because one wing was cut. Thus the attempt to help this bird has resulted in sending it back as lame in its wings as in its legs, and reducing its chance of escape from its natural enemies to a minimum indeed.

THE HOMING "INSTINCT."

At first sight it seems strange that a moorhen which was lame and unable to fly should be able to find its way out of a garden and across strange fields to the dyke from which it had been taken, and one is inclined to suppose that an instinctive "sense of direction" guided it. But moorhens and almost all wild creatures wander far more than one usually thinks, and so become acquainted with landmarks which guide them home. It is natural, too, that the faculty of remembering landmarks should be peculiarly acute in birds, for they may at any time be carried by the wind or scared by hawks, or driven by want of food to great distances from their homes, yet I very much doubt whether there is a case on record of a bird which was unable to find its nest again. In pigeons and doves, which are often obliged to travel long distances from home to their feeding-places daily, and are especially liable to pursuit by hawks on the way, this power of recognising landmarks is so conspicuously developed that for hundreds of years man has tried to use the pigeon as a messenger. And when a pigeon can be trained to return home over a thousand miles it is not surprising that migrant birds, similarly travelling by landmarks, should be able to find their way to their own homes in the comparatively narrow breadth of the British Isles.

RETURN OF "THE SNIPE."

As a striking instance of a pigeon's "homing" powers, I always remember an incident which occurred in my boyhood. I had added to my stock of fancy pigeons a very curious bird, purchased from a dealer, and nicknamed "the snipe," from its peculiarly marked plumage and length of bill. The dealer declared it to be a hybrid between some variegated tame pigeon and a ringdove, and I wanted to try experiments in breeding from it. But it was so incurably wild and fierce that it would not mate with any companion that was provided. So I gave it to a friend who lived some distance off, and, after cutting one of its wings, we put it down in the yard where his pigeons were feeding. But "the snipe" would have none of them. Instead, it promptly walked out of the yard by the way we had brought it, straight down the carriage drive, and out into the road. We followed to see where it would go, because it seemed to be marching with an evident purpose; and without hesitation the bird turned to the left and walked straight down the road till it arrived opposite our house, and without checking in its walk crossed the pavement and entered by the front gate, walking past the house and across the lawn, straight to the pigeon-house. The whole distance was only a mile and a quarter, but there had been no fewer than four right-angled turns, not one of which it could have taken if it had been travelling by "sense of direction." Had it been guided by this supposed instinct, it would not have found its way out of the yard, nor out of my friend's garden, nor would it have found the gate of our garden, because in each of these cases it had to walk for a certain distance in a contrary direction from that in which the "instinct" would have drawn it. It was evident, too, from the bird's manner, that it knew perfectly well where it was going all the time, although this was no doubt the first time that it had been called upon to travel any part of that road on foot.

E. K. R.



STERNBERGIAS—WINTER HARDY FLOWERS.

WE were charmed with a pretty garden picture a few days ago, a free planting of *Sternbergia lutea* in flower. This is regarded as the "Lily of the Field." Some *Sternbergia* flower in spring, others in autumn and early winter, but the most popular of all is the yellow, sweet-scented *S. lutea*, and welcome it is in the grey light of a winter day, when its flowers are like yellow stars among the brown leaves. It is wise to allow the fallen leaves blown in drifts round the *Sternbergias* to remain as a protection. This group is not troublesome to grow, but the plants are sometimes very shy-flowering, and this may be in part due to the small size of the bulbs, and to the fact that they are imported. Probably three years will elapse before the bulbs are properly established. Occasionally no leaves at all appear the first year, but on no account disturb the bulbs. When the soil is very heavy, lighten it by the addition of grit and leaf mould, plant deeply, fully 6 in., and leave the rest to Nature. Few bulbs resent disturbance more than the *Sternbergias*, and for this reason sunny banks and places that are not likely to be disturbed during the year are better than borders which are constantly being upset. On warm banks, where the Daffodil and Primrose and Bluebell, with many other lowly flowers, are happy, the winter Daffodil—as the *Sternbergia* is happily named—is best seen, its yellow flowers peering among the short grass and stray leaves. The time to plant is early August. There are several varieties of *S. lutea*, one, called *Angustifolia*, being freer flowering than the type, and Major is so called because of its larger blooms. *Fischeriana*, *S. macrantha* is an important species, flowering in autumn and producing its leaves in spring.

HAPHAZARD PLANTING.

At this planting season it is well to think of not only what things to plant, but how to do so. As mentioned in a recently published work on trees and shrubs, nearly every garden, shrubbery, and ornamental tree plantation is spoilt or greatly marred by too great a mixture of incongruous growths. Nothing wants more careful consideration. On the ground, in the open air, and sitting at home quietly thinking, the question should be squarely fronted and carefully thought out. The very worst thing to do is to first take a nursery catalogue and make out from it a list of supposed wants. The right thing is to make a plan of the ground—to scale if possible, though a rougher one may serve—and mark it all down in good time beforehand, not to wait till the last moment and then make it, and not to send the list to the nursery till the ground is well forward for planting, so that the moment the plants come they may go to their places. The other and commoner way is nothing but a muddle from beginning to end. A van-load of shrubs arrives from the nursery—one of each, or perhaps not more than six of any kind. No plan is prepared, and

the trees and shrubs are planted in the usual weary mixture, without thought or design. Generally there are three times too many for the space. It is a waste and misuse of good things. The range to choose from is so great and garden literature is now so copious and helpful, both in the way of books of reference, books of instruction, and books of suggestion, that those who truly love their garden, and are not merely content with saying that they do so, have little excuse for not bestirring themselves to do better.

ROSE HEDGES.

This is a subject, if we remember rightly, that has been dealt with before in *COUNTRY LIFE*, but not recently, and we never tire of reading about and seeing the most beautiful flower that graces the English garden. The writer has visited many gardens, but rarely has been rewarded with a sight of a rose hedge, though pergolas, festooned with flowers and climbers flinging their shoots from branch of tree and over shrubs, are not unusual; but a real Rose hedge is seldom seen. As this is Rose-planting time a few notes about Rose hedges may be helpful. There are certain points to be strictly observed, (1) Screen the Roses from north and easterly winds and gales; (2) Prepare the soil well; (3) Choose the right kinds.

PREPARE THE SOIL WELL.

The Rose hedge, to be beautiful, must show an extremely vigorous, almost undisciplined, growth, and to get this the soil must be well prepared and of the right quality. It must be well drained. We know how rudely the wayside Rose grows, where the soil is drained by the ditch, and this in a tangle of bush and climber. A year or two ago Dr. Bernard Dyer, the well-known analyst, at the desire of the National Rose Society, dealt with the matter of Rose soils, and established the fact that manipulating and manuring the soil has more to do with the production of good Roses than any special natural properties it contains. One well-known rosarian recommends, in the case of heavy soils, that some drain pipes be put down 2 ft. 6 in. deep, before the hedge is planted, and when the soil is a clayey loam, 3 ft. The ground should be trenched two spits deep for the heavy soils, and lighter ones bastard trenched. Good, well-decayed farm-yard manure, with burnt garden refuse and bone-meal, are helpful. Many amateurs make a great mistake in using so much heavy manure in the soil. It makes the ground sour and unwholesome, but liquid manure does not

have this effect. It may be given liberally in summer and winter with excellent results. The varieties recommended will, in time, support themselves, but when a very tall hedge is desired set out posts in the ground at intervals of from 6 ft. to 8 ft. to support two or three lengths of wire. The wire must be painted if galvanised. These supports prevent a Rose collapse during high winds.

PRUNING THE HEDGE.

This merely consists in thinning out the old, worn-out, and weakly growths, and cutting the others but a few inches; nothing more. The less "pruning" indulged in the stronger will be the growth, but a thicket of shoots tends to few and poor flowers. Get strong own-root plants, if possible, and if these cannot be bought, then ask for those on the Briar stock.

THE VARIETIES TO CHOOSE.

Some will need a support, but others, like the handsome *Rosa rugosa* or Japanese Rose tribe, can take care of themselves. In a note some time ago a writer says: "I have seen what one might call a wall of Roses rising 8 ft. to 10 ft. high, consisting of varieties of *Rosa sempervirens* and the Ayrshires (*R. arvensis*). If some support be given, these classes are admirably adapted for the purpose. One or two kinds, such as *Félicité Perpétue* are almost evergreen.



Richard N. Speaight.

CHILDREN OF LADY ABERDARE.

178, Regent St.

Crimson Rambler makes a beautiful hedge, and for flower colouring remains unrivalled, but many dislike its harsh, garish shade. This could be toned down by intermingling a white variety, such as Aimée Vibert or Felicité Perpétue. A softer tint is found in the rosy pink Dawson Rose, which is very fragrant. The Penzance Sweet Briars make delightful hedges, apart from their flowers and ruddy hews. The flowers soon depart, but we can always bruise the shiny leaves and let loose their fragrance, while in autumn and winter the hews are as bright as, and in the case of Meg Merrilies brighter than, those of the Dog Rose in the hedgerow. We have seen one mistake in planting these Briar Roses, and that is making a collection instead of using only one good variety. The best kinds are Anne of Geierstein, Meg Merrilies, both with crimson flowers, the pink-coloured Amy Rolfsart, which has very beautiful fruit, and the coppery yellow-flowered Lady Penzance. Of course there is the delicious Sweet Briar, most fragrant of all shrubs, but the Penzance hybrids have somewhat lessened its value, as these have leaves almost as aromatic. A lovely single Rose of strong growth is Carmine Pillar—its flower is very large and beautiful, and several good Roses are of note for the warm winter colouring of the bark, R. rubrifolia, the well-known R. lucida, and R. polyantha Thunbergi among the number. Some Roses, too, are almost evergreen, such as Aimée Vibert, Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, Felicité Perpétue, and Longworth Rambler. We noticed in Mr. William Paul's nursery last summer a Rose that had the making of an excellent hedge; its growth is very dense, and the pretty white

flowers smothered almost every leaf. If one wishes to make a hedge of Hybrid Perpetual Roses the best varieties to choose would be Ulrich Brunner, John Hopper, General Jacqueminot, Magna Charta, and Mrs. John Laing.

When a low hedge is desired, such as to enclose a tennis court or bowling green, nothing is more beautiful than the monthly Rose. We know of many beautiful hedges of this exquisite flower. Writing of this Rose recalls the value of Mme. Laurette Messimy, and such strong Hybrid Teas as Mme. Abel Chatenay, Caroline Testout, Viscountess Folkestone, Marie van Houtte, Grüss an Teplitz, and Grace Darling. We think raisers of new Roses might direct their energies towards acquiring varieties for hedges. The variety referred to as being at Mr. Paul's nursery at Waltham Cross is an illustration of our meaning. A few more like this, and even denser and more evergreen, would bring increased joy to the garden.

"MY GARDEN DIARY FOR 1903."

Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading send us their delightful little Diary for the present year, a little booklet it may almost be called, daintily got up, and in good taste throughout. The front cover is a charming coloured illustration of Nasturtiums, and on the back are Wallflowers. Besides the diary part there are notes of monthly work, which makes the booklet still more valuable. It is quite a gardening companion.

DOLL'S-HOUSE FURNITURE.

THERE is a completeness and finish in the doll's-house furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which makes the study of such toys not only a delightful pastime in itself, but a very valuable off-shoot of the collector's work in studying the furniture of adults.

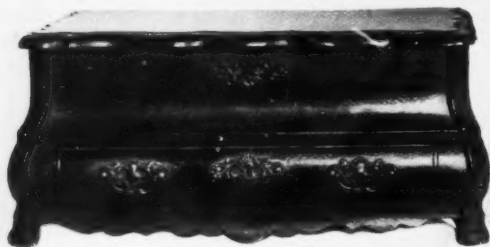
Many specimens of dolls' houses have been preserved, in which every accessory of household furniture and utility is standing in its place just as it was arranged by the little owner a couple of centuries ago. Those who have watched the play of children know that imitation is their chief delight, so that not a few lights have been thrown on old articles

of the present owner, and is a very beautiful and dainty example of the work of the master cabinet-maker of the eighteenth century. The miniature bureau has brass handles and escutcheon and stands 7in. high. The tallboy is beautifully inlaid with satinwood and the handles are characteristic of the period; it is 9in. wide.

In the individuality of each piece of old furniture lies its charm; the days when furniture was made to order are past. Now, if we want a writing table we go and choose one at a shop where 50 or 500 may be obtained of the same pattern, and the black-coated man who serves us has probably never carved a piece of wood and knows nothing of dove-tailing or designing; but at the time when our toy treasures were made, the intending purchaser of furniture probably called in the cabinet-maker of his county town or a well-known man in London. A consultation was held as to shape, design, and the use to which the piece was to be put, possibly the wall or corner where the bureau or commode was to stand was measured, and the price fixed; then the designer, who was very likely the craftsman also, began his work, and the result was a piece of solidly-made, well-executed furniture suitable for the house which was to hold it, suitable for the special want of the owner, and probably a thing of beauty, because it was the right thing in the right place.

Sometimes after executing a good order the cabinet-maker would copy the piece in miniature and present it to the little girl of the house. Sometimes the householder would himself order

a replica in miniature. So it comes about that we have Jacobean tables with flap tops and movable legs, cabriole shaped, which measure but 7½in. in height, and a

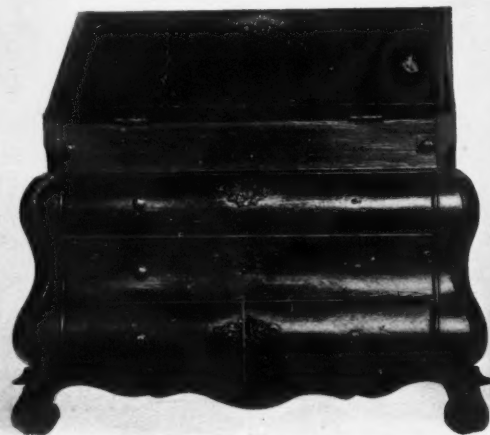


BUREAU AND TALLBOY.

of household use whose purpose was obscure by its position in a Liliputian room, or the actual use of it in the hands of the dolly housekeeper who has remained for a century to show us one of the side-lights of the domestic life of our ancestors.

In all ages children have loved those games in which "let's pretend we are grown up" is the predominating idea; the reaching forward for fresh experiences is a natural instinct in healthy childhood, just as it is in later life, and it is useless to reproach us men and women of the twentieth century with living in too feverish haste and longing unduly to gain new experiences. If this be a defect, which we are not ready to admit, it is certainly no new one; probably the men and women of prehistoric times condemned the instinct as the result of modernity just as we do now. There were no toymakers, in the modern sense of the word, in the seventeenth century. Miniature furniture was made by the same men who made the larger articles, and from the same designs, so that it is conceivable that Thomas Chippendale himself may have made a table or mirror whose delicate frets may inspire the admiration of the modern cabinet-maker, or Mainwaring or Ince have executed chairs or bureaux a few inches in height, that Madame la Poupée should be suitably accommodated at her writing-table.

A very fine specimen of a miniature chair for a tiny child is known to us, whose pedigree is perfectly well authenticated. It was made by Thomas Chippendale for the great-grandfather



SLOPING DESK AND CORNER CUPBOARD.

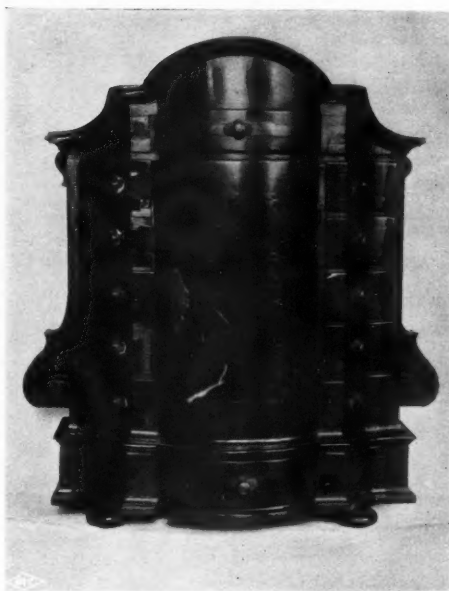
tiny writing-table veneered with kingwood and other woods in the best style of the Louis XV. period in France. The sloping top desk has drawers and pigeon-holes of fairy size; it stands 13in. high, and its brass keyholes are elaborately worked; the marqueterie corner cupboard has four shelves inside.

Every kind of ornamentation used in beautifying full-sized furniture was also utilised for the decoration of the dollies' rooms. We have seen specimens of every kind of inlaid woodwork. Dutch marqueterie is shown in a tiny corner cupboard but 8in. wide; inside it are four shelves. An English miniature bureau in rosewood has lines of satinwood inlay. Lacquer of Louis XVI. is represented in a fine red lacquer bureau 10in. high, which is ornamented with the pseudo-Oriental figures and pagodas so characteristic of that period when the strange wave of Orientalism affected decoration of every kind in the eighteenth century, so that Chippendale himself put Chinese frets in his chairs, and even the finest Alençon and Argentan lace of that time shows Indian figures in short, kilt-like costumes, weapons, and feathered head-dresses, and pagodas appeared in architectural plans, cornices, and mirror frames.

A pretty example of green lacquer is now to be seen in an eighteenth century doll's house. It frames a doll's looking-glass 8½in. high, and has three drawers which open and suggest the possibility of a wee toilet-brush or fairy patch-box. This interesting specimen of Western lacquer is ornamented in gold lines after the Oriental method.

The brasswork on these toy specimens is not the least interesting item. We have seen every kind of handle and escutcheon, and there is no doubt that they were specially made, for they are often exquisitely proportioned to the miniature size of the piece and of the finest workmanship. Some drop-handles of Liliputian proportions struck us as particularly dainty. They were made absolutely to the scale of the chest of drawers for which they were used. Perhaps the finest specimen of miniature furniture we have seen is the wardrobe of rosewood, inlaid and carved. Alas, the lower part of the side ornaments is missing. A peep into the interior shows the daintiest rosebud wallpaper lining.

Nor did the miniature furniture cease to retain the special characteristics of the period when the Jacobean and Chippendale vogues were over. As the more severe lines of Sheraton and Hepplewhite came into fashion, so the new taste derived from the Greek, and akin to the pure Greek of so-called Empire work, was shown in the toy furniture of dolls' houses. We have before us specimens, now in a private collection, which show the classic taste to perfection. Not only are the pieces in fine mahogany,



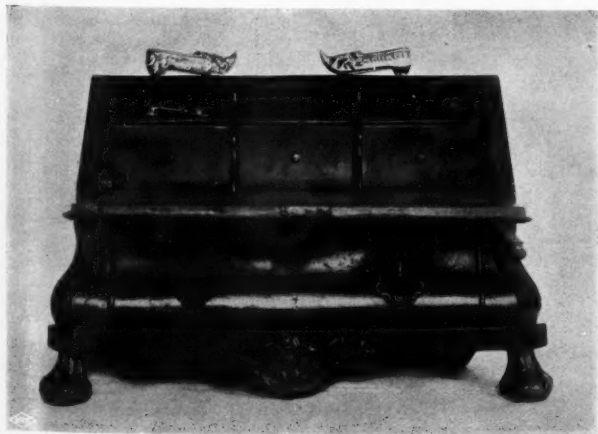
ROSEWOOD WARDROBE.

and the supporting rods are well proportioned and fitted. There is a tiny doll, in stiffly-setting-out skirt, cambric apron, and high lace cap of the period, in the cart or chair. It also occurs to us that such a chair for a young child forms the design for a seal-head in old Chelsea china now at the British Museum. The marqueterie work in the writing desk is very fine; floral forms, together with birds with mother-o'-pearl beaks, are unusual features in so small a specimen.



PAINTED WARDROBE AND OAK TABLE.

Bird cages, lanterns, the great tiled stoves which are so important a feature in the German living-rooms of to-day, all appear in the dolls' houses of the eighteenth century, and such fittings as benches, plate-racks, corner cupboards, and other homely conveniences are occasionally to be seen in well-appointed miniature family residences. The writing-table of the end of the Louis XV. period is veneered in kingwood and other woods, the handles are of ivory, the work French of the



MARQUETERIE WRITING-DESK.

but they are ornamented with gilt bronzes of exquisite workmanship. Doric columns support the bureau; on it is standing a clock which might have been made for Josephine herself. Another clock on a bracket in the same room is of the well-known lyre shape.

The sofa has bronze cornucopia at the sides, and the ends are curved in that distinctive manner that one always associates



MINIATURE WRITING-TABLE, LOUIS XV. PERIOD.

eighteenth century. The chest of drawers with drop handles of brass, and looking-glass of green English lacquer, 8½ in. high, both come from an eighteenth century doll's house of English make. The Jacobean table with flap sides is of earlier seventeenth century work, the wee plates an inch across are of pewter, and the knives of ivory with stained handles.

After the first quarter of the nineteenth century the deterioration in miniature furniture was very marked; toy stuff of paper, cardboard, and the thinnest wood was made, rickety chair legs were glued on, tables decrepit, even on the first day of their existence, took the place of the beautiful miniature pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which show such perfection of workmanship, and copy so faithfully the larger pieces, filling the modern cabinet-maker with wonder and the heart of the connoisseur with joy.

The toy-maker has arisen, and toy furniture, like the furniture of adults, is "turned out" at so much, we had almost said at so little, per boxful. No longer does the production of a single piece occupy a clever craftsman many days. The tables are made to a pattern by the dozen, and the chairs by the hundred dozen; glue takes the place of honest dove-tailing, and bright cottons of aniline dyes cover the seats, which once were of dainty brocade or velvet pile. For many of the fine specimens with which this article is illustrated we are indebted to Mr. Fitzhenry, whose unique collection of miniature furniture he most courteously placed at our disposal.

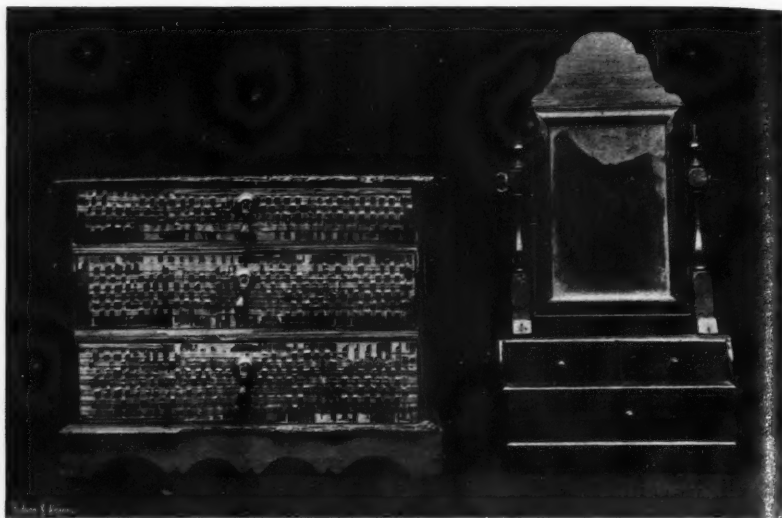
F. NEVILL JACKSON.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

THE observance of old-time customs and ceremonies played an important part in the lives of our primitive forefathers. Almost every month brought some rural festival, some gala day which poetic fancy had long since vested with significance, or which had its origin in the dim twilight of antiquity. More truly the children of Nature than are we their descendants, our simple ancestors delighted to give expression to the feelings evoked by this or that season of the year, and in all their celebrations, such as May Day and the like, there was a spontaneity of enjoyment which vanished at the coming of the steam-engine.



OAK TABLE WITH FLAP SIDES, 1½ in. IN DIAMETER.



BUREAU OF STRAW AND LOOKING-GLASS, 18th CENTURY.

Candlemas Day was at one time observed as a popular religious festival throughout Eng'land. At a very early date the Church of Rome had set apart February 2nd in order to commemorate the purification of the Virgin Mary, and had decreed that the blessing of candles by the priests should take place on that day, the candles being afterwards given to the people, who carried them away in solemn procession. It is probable, however, that this practice dates farther back than even the earliest days of the Roman Church, and that it was derived from a form of worship which the Christian one had superseded. For we know that many of the customs of the old heathen religions crept inevitably into the new, and that there was a pagan practice followed by the Romans of burning candles at this time to the Goddess Februa, the mother of Mars.

In England a ceremony similar to that of the Church of Rome was observed on this day until after the Reformation, although it was long before all the customs associated with Candlemas wholly died out. In 1539, Henry VIII. proclaimed that "On Candlemas Day it shall be declared that the tearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read in the Church on that day"; while we know that until as late as the end of the eighteenth century it was the custom in some places to burn candles in the churches on the same day.

Many were the superstitions which sprang up around these Candlemas tapers. Regarded by the Christian Church as symbolical of that "light" which came "to lighten the Gentiles," those candles which had been publicly blessed by the priests were said to possess a supernatural power, and were carefully treasured by simple folk all through the year, who looked upon them as talismans against the attacks of the Evil One, and a protection in all times of danger. On their size and the manner in which they burnt while they were being carried in procession depended the good or ill luck of their owners, and fortunate indeed was that person said to be

"Whose candle burneth clear and bright."

Amongst other superstitions associated with Candlemas Day are many relating to the weather, and these are found not only in our own, but in other countries as well. There is a Scotch rhyme which runs thus:

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule";

while the Germans have a proverb which declares that "The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his fold on Candlemas Day than the sun." Therefore all who desire to be rid of the Frost King and hope for an early spring must look for cloudy skies on Candlemas Day, and see in the falling rain a good omen. But, whatever be the weather on the second day of the second month, we know that winter's power is on the wane, for already the little tasselled head of the brave snowdrop—the fair maid of February—is nodding above the cold earth, and the lengthening daylight accounts for the old saying:

"On Candlemas Day
Candles and candlesticks throw away."

Herrick, the sweet singer and faithful recorder of the quaint customs of his time, has instructed us in the ceremonies which were observed on the eve of Candlemas:

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall."

The reason for this being, he further tells us:

"That so the superstitious find
Not one least branch there left behind."

For should this happen through the carelessness of the maids, dreadful indeed was said to be the punishment which would overtake the culprit:

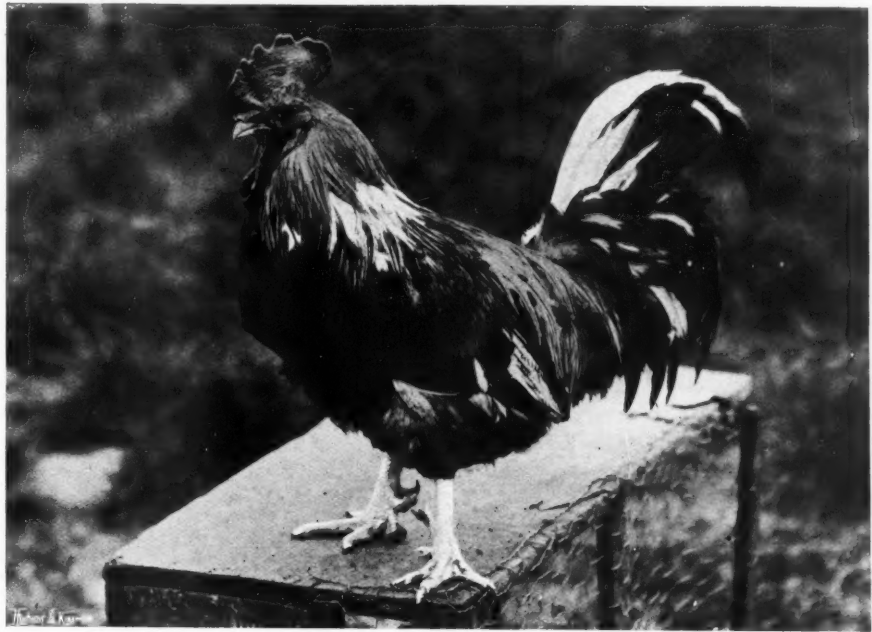
"How many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

But nowadays Candlemas passes unnoticed outside the Church's calendar, and we smile at the superstitions which obtained so firm a hold over simple minds in a former age. Unlike our ancestors, we no longer follow the traditions of "merrie England," while the quaint customs once observed so faithfully have become but memories to stir the fancy with their old-world charm.

G. L. PICKWORTH.

POULTRY ON THE BORDERS.

A CURIOUS fact about the Aylesbury duck is that for several years it has been in the way of changing its home. A reference to the prize lists of the leading poultry shows tells one that the great prize-winners of recent years, instead of coming from the pleasant Vale of Aylesbury, have hailed from the distant North. There are several people on the Borders who now successfully rear the finest Aylesbury ducks, among them being the Countess of Home, whose establishment we photographed and described some months ago, but the pioneer of the movement was Mr. Gillies. He tenants a mill on the Whittader, a pleasant romantic tributary of the Tweed; indeed, the place is one of the prettiest conceivable, high brown banks fronting the residence, and past them the trout stream foams and sings in a shallow channel over a bed of gravel. It was here that the greatest improvement of modern times was made in the celebrated Aylesbury. It was about twelve years ago that Mr. Gillies, by luck or good guiding, produced a bird with that depth of keel which is now a point of first importance in a prize Aylesbury. It may very plainly be seen in the trio of these birds which we show in the photograph. It required some time, of course, to develop them and bring them to that state of perfection which has now been attained, and critics used to aver that the depth of keel could not be obtained without bringing with it a certain coarseness, particularly of the bill, that would be against the success of the birds. A little experience, however, showed that their prognostications were wrong. Three years after starting as a breeder, Mr. Gillies carried off the first prize at the Crystal Palace for both old and young ducks, and did almost equally well at the Dairy Show. A year later he carried everything before him, including the gold cup and first prize, at these great exhibitions. His birds then sprang into great fame, how great may be judged from the fact that he was offered £100 for four of his ducks, three of them being under six months old, but he declined the offer. In the following year, that is to say, in 1896, he was equally



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A DARK DORKING COCK.

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successful, and the fame of these Northern Aylesburys was established once and for ever, so that from all parts, not only of England, but of the continent of Europe, people who wished to have a first-rate breed of ducks sent North for them. Of course, a monopoly of that kind does not last very long. As the poet said of another kind of product, "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed." There are a great number of establishments at the present day at which this splendid type of Aylesbury is bred and reared, but we ought not to forget the owner to whom was due the original improvement of the breed. A visit to the place, however, is full of interest. Mr. Gillies retains all his enthusiasm for poultry breeding, although he looks upon it simply as a hobby, and trusts for his income to the mill. Indeed, he does not speak in very optimistic terms of fancy poultry keeping as a means of earning money, but, on the contrary, seems to be fairly well satisfied when he comes out at the end of the year without having lost much.

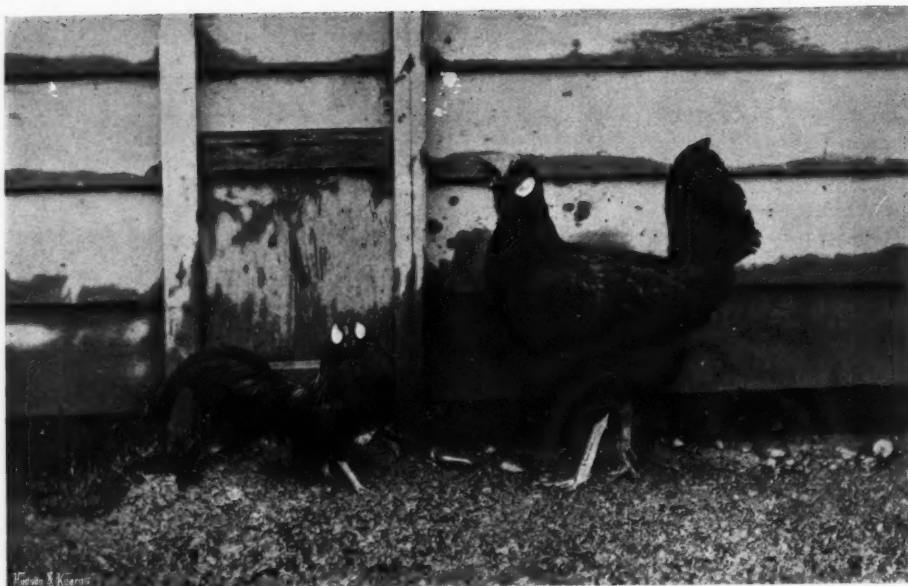
Probably those who have given no great attention to the matter would expect that a man who bred ducks close by as clear and pure a stream of water as there is in Scotland would allow them to swim and amuse themselves in it. But exhibition birds are like flowers in one respect, and to make them the best of their kind they need most exceptional care. As will be seen from our view of the duck sheds, these Aylesburys are carefully debarred from enjoying the liberty of the river. They have their pools for bathing in, their sheds for sleeping in, and the runs for what limited exercise is thought necessary to health, but in other respects they lead a very confined and quiet life. In looking at them as a whole, and not confining our attention to individual birds that hope to compete with great chance of success at any exhibition in the kingdom, we are struck with the uniformity of the birds. Great, huge ducks they are. A drake



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THE SHEDS.

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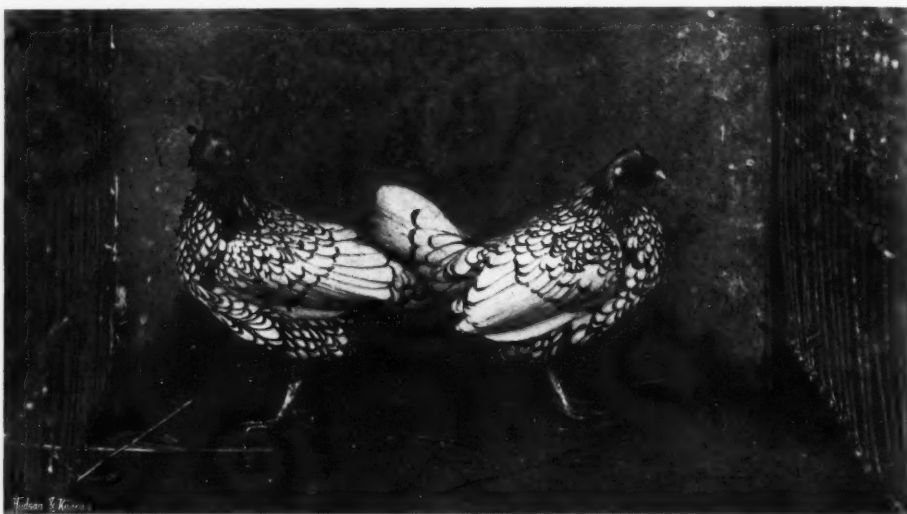
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. MINORCA HEN & BLACK ROSE-COMBED COCK. Copyright

of 12lb. at twenty weeks old is not by any means looked upon as a giant among his contemporaries, and this may be regarded as the best testimonial Aylesburys can have to their commercial value—that is to say, they have the qualities of weight and early maturity. It is somewhat remarkable that these attributes have been so splendidly developed at a point so far North and in a climate so much harsher than the mild and soft South, to which the race has been accustomed. Spring is quite a month later here than it is in the South of England. The writer, who for many years was in the habit of visiting this district about the end of May or the beginning of June, has frequently tested this by the flower of the hawthorn and the wild rose. When the blooms have completely faded around London they are only coming out in Berwickshire, and one would naturally imagine that the lateness of the spring would seriously check the development of birds whose constitution must to some extent have been made soft and tender by the long and constant care devoted to them as fancy birds. In point of fact, as far as the early summer shows go, it is very difficult to have them prepared, but, on the other hand, there are some advantages connected with being so far North. Anyone starting a colony of ducks does far better to

obtain them from a harder climate than they are going to, as the change has a noteworthy effect on their size and weight. English breeders of recent years have found this out and prefer Scotch birds, even as fruit-growers prefer trees that have been reared on wild and unsheltered land.

A word ought to be said as to the arrangements of the sheds. The largest is 15ft. long by 15ft. wide, and divided into ten sections. The floor of the houses is covered thick with straw, and each division has an immense run laid with sand and pebbles, which slopes down to a pond running the whole length of the houses. The water in this pond runs in from the mill dam, and is thus being continually renewed and kept fresh. It escapes by an overflow pipe into the river, and to ensure cleanliness it is completely emptied once a day. A breeder of the finest species of duck would never dream of letting his birds swim about in the foul pond too often seen at a farm place. For commercial purposes it is undoubtedly a good plan to cross Aylesburys with

Rouen ducks, and, as our photograph shows, Mr. Gillies makes a point of keeping almost as excellent specimens of Rouens as of Aylesburys. The handsome duck and drake in one picture



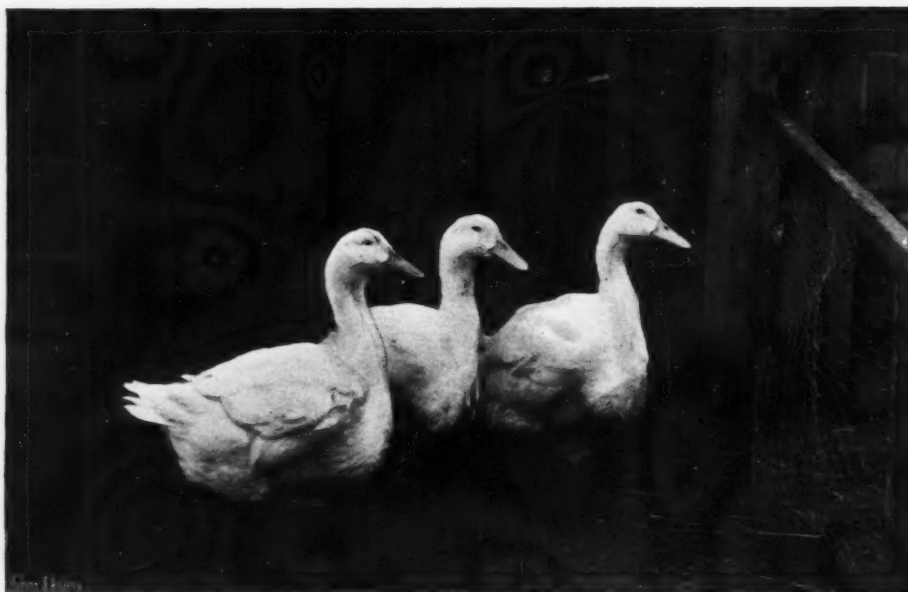
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WELL LACED.

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and the mixed group of Rouens and Aylesburys shown in another, show how his trouble in this direction is rewarded.

But although ducks are the speciality of this interesting establishment, other kinds of poultry also receive attention. Dorkings, Brahmas, Hamburgs, Minorcas, Rose-combs, and silver Sebright bantams are a few of the species that are bred and reared to perfection. Poultry people may like to know that the rearing is done both by natural and artificial methods. Incubators are found extremely useful for getting out the early chickens and for use during that season of the year when it is almost impossible to obtain broody hens. After hatching the chickens are divided between hens and foster-mothers; each of the latter holds about twenty birds, which, as they grow older, are distributed over about forty places, Mr. Gillies holding land on the other side of the river for the benefit of his poultry. Dark Dorkings were the first birds on which he began to experiment, and he has a very fine strain of them. Their excellence is proved by the fact that in 1896 he had the champion dark Dorking pullet, and he won the Lord Mayor's Cup in 1898 with a dark Dorking cockerel. In addition to these, he has carried off



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AYLESBURY DUCKS.

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the challenge cup at the Crystal Palace and first prizes at the Birmingham Dairy Show. This is all the more creditable, because the late spring tells more against these than it does against the ducks. Of the other birds, the two little Sebright bantam hens are a couple of remarkably well-laced birds that have been good prize-winners. The Minorca hen and black Rosecomb exhibit in themselves what difference in character may exist in birds of the same colour, both being black with white lobes and red combs. The Minorca fowl is one of the most prolific egg-producers of the laying breeds, while the great attribute of the black Rosecomb bantams is that they produce a greater weight of eggs relatively to their size than any other breed of fowls. It may be noted, as an interesting fact in regard to poultry, that heavy coloured hens with large combs are always prolific, such as white Leghorns, black Minorcas, and black Spanish. For a long time Mr. Gallies refused to part with eggs, and hence had what amounted to a monopoly of these strains, but latterly he has changed his policy, and the deep-keeled Aylesburys have been introduced to a great number of the very best poultry establishments.

A PET . . . RACCOON.

I may interest lovers of natural history to read of an attempt to make a raccoon into a domestic animal. I had one of these curious little bears brought to me from Canada a few years ago. Vicky, as she was called, was then about six months old, and was caught, when quite tiny, close to Brantford, in Ontario, and brought over to England by my brother. The night she arrived I put her into a sort of lumber-room, taking the precaution of fastening her chain to the fender. When I went in the next morning I found she had dragged everything within reach into a heap in the middle of the room, and was sitting triumphantly at the top. She seemed quite gentle, and let me carry her to an outhouse where I had put a box of hay for her. She was quite pleased with her new quarters, and settled down to sleep contentedly. Of course raccoons are nocturnal animals, so I did not trouble Vicky much in the mornings, and after I had given her some breakfast I left her to sleep. She was particularly fond of hard-boiled eggs, and it was most amusing to see her breaking the shell and taking out the egg, and before eating it washing each bit most carefully in a bowl of water. In some natural history books I have seen this curious habit of washing the food doubted, but my little wash bear would never touch anything unless a bowl of water was at hand; even nuts were treated in the same way after the shells were cracked, and worms, which last Vicky looked upon as a great treat. I sometimes took her in the afternoons down to a stream to catch minnows and other small fish; she would sit in the stream and turn over the stones with her fore paws, and if an unfortunate little fish happened to be about, Vicky had it in a minute, looking far away, and finding it by her wonderful sense of touch. She would throw away the head and tail and eat the middle of the fish, washing it first most vigorously. She was always very vexed with me when I dragged her away from the water by her chain.

I sometimes brought her indoors in the evenings for a game, and it was especially curious to see the terror of an Irish terrier I had at that time; he evidently knew that Vicky would be a dangerous playmate, and when she used to dart out from under my bureau, pull his tail or ears, and scuttle back again, he trembled so that after a few attempts to make them friends I gave it up. Raccoons in their wild state are very fierce, and are only to be caught by special

"coon hounds," as they kill smaller dogs by seizing their heads and tearing up their bodies with their strong back paws. I have no doubt the Irish terrier instinctively knew this. Vicky got rather fond of me, and would let me carry her about like a cat, and I got her to sit very still in my arms to be photographed, as she was deeply interested in the camera.

When I had had Vicky some time I thought she was so tame that when indoors I might let her play about without her chain, and for a day or two she let me catch her as usual and



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ROUEN DUCK AND DRAKE.

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take her back to her house. One evening, however, she found how nice it was to be independent, and when I took her up by the back of her neck she turned and hung on to my hand with all her might. I had to drop her, as the bite was very painful, and she sat up in a corner snarling very fiercely. She had to be left alone for some time, and then I was able to tempt her into a box in which I had put some biscuits and a pan of water, and so she was carried safely off to her house.

After this outburst I thought Vicky an unsafe pet, and



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

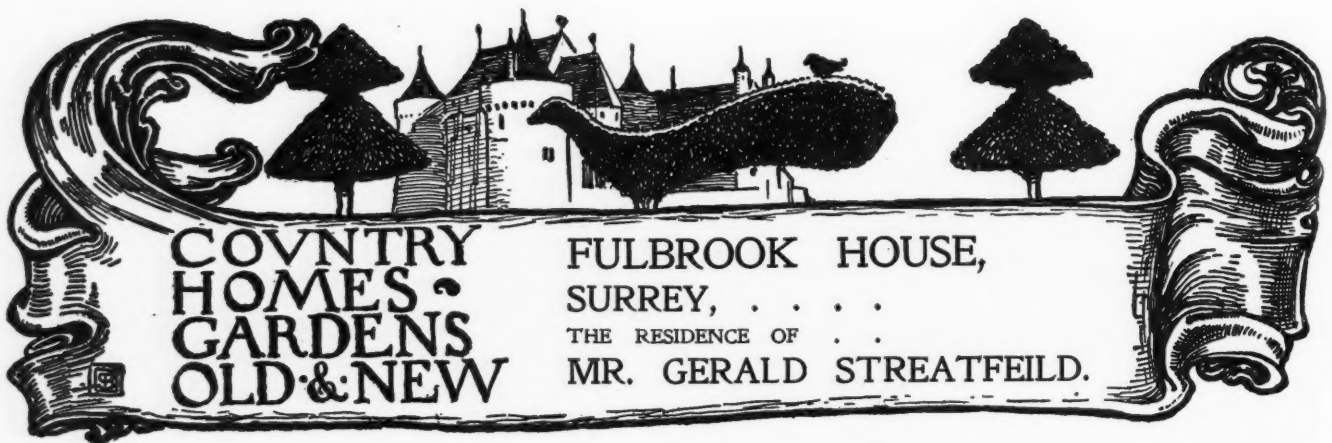
ROUEN AND AYLESBURY DUCKS.

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wrote to the Zoological Gardens to ask if there was room for her, but, unfortunately, the racoon cage was quite full, so I had to send her to a menagerie in Liverpool.

It was really my own fault that Vicky became insubordinate, for all naturalists agree that raccoons should never be allowed their liberty, and to quote M. Blanquart des Salines, who had a wash bear of his own: "Liberty renders it insolent; it takes possession of a room, and will suffer no one to come near it; it is not without difficulty that it can be refettered."

M. C. WARNER.



A FEW miles south-east of Farnham is a tract of sandy soil, tumbled about into small hill and dale. It is a portion of the extensive region of ancient heath and forest land, much of which still exists untouched, that reaches from three miles west of Godalming to the wastes of Wolmer Forest. Much of it bears nothing but heather, but some is wild woodland of Scotch fir, birch, holly, and stunted oak, with an undergrowth of bracken. It is a region of pure air and bright sunshine, breezy and healthy; a country where one seems to be very near the sky. Until its beauties were discovered within the time of the last generation it was very little known and but sparingly inhabited. Only in the valley bottoms could soil be found good enough for cultivation, as one may still see by looking out from one of the many small wooded hills, whence the eye is caught by the general forest-like aspect of the country, with small farms and their few fields round them, lying like pools in the hollows. But in far-away times, beyond the reach of history, we know that there was a population dwelling in these pleasant hills from the number of beautifully wrought flint arrow-heads and knives that are found when ground is disturbed and sharp eyes are on the watch.

On one of the southernmost of the sandy spurs stands the

recently built Fulbrook House, on a plateau partly natural and partly levelled, not large, but just sufficient. It is one of the now rather numerous examples of the good work of Mr. Edwin Lutyens. His childhood was passed within an easy walk of the site, and as from quite childish days he had always observed the cottages and houses, churches and bridges of the district, his knowledge of the use of the local material in the good old local manner scarcely had to be learnt, for it grew with his growth. So in Fulbrook we see a true West Surrey house with the stone, tiles, and oak of the country used as they were used by our forefathers.

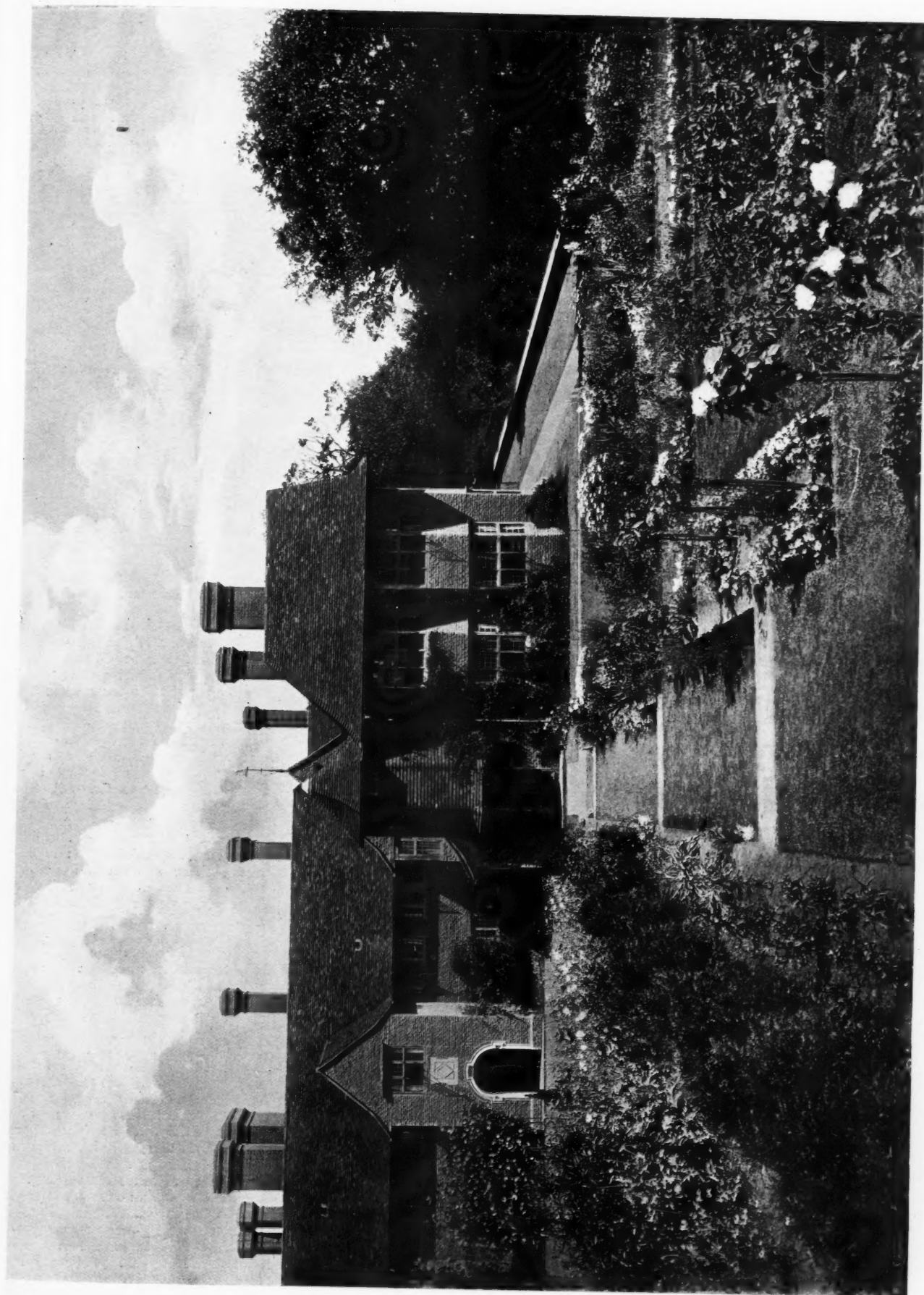
The main entrance and forecourt are on the western front, where, a few yards from the house level, the ground rises sharply and is formed into a terraced garden. The south side has two deeply-recessed bays; on the upper floor passage doors giving access to two galleries, whence there is a beautiful view over the valley. This deep recessing allows the bedroom windows to have extensive views, the middle one on three sides of a square, and the others on three connected sides of a part-octagon, while the deep overhang, carried on massive oak beams and braces, protects the galleries and the greater part of the window space from the weather. Many are the soft summer days, with rain



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE WEST FRONT.

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THE EAST FRONT.

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THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

falling, when it is pleasant to be in the open air; then especially it is that these sheltered galleries come into use.

The east side of the house faces a roomy square lawn, comfortably protected on the north and east by a solid wall with an open balustrade. Under the main gable is one of the largest bedrooms, with the dining-room below—a very pleasant room, whose broad window stands fair to the morning sun, whose light and warmth are so welcome a greeting at breakfast-time.

The lawn is very restful and happily devised. The perfectly level space of some extent in this place, whose character is that of inequality of ground surface, is in no small degree comforting, and the advantage of the better taste in gardening which, in such a case, forbids the cutting up of the grass with flower-beds, is here distinctly felt. The quiet rectangular green is quite undisturbed. There are plenty of flowers, for there is a border at the foot of the wall on the two warmer exposures. Here are the good hardy flowers, mostly of bold aspect, for they have to be seen from the house as well as from the lawn itself. Hollyhocks and delphiniums, pæonies and bushy roses, lilies, irises, and



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ON THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the great Oriental poppies are prominent in their respective seasons, while the warm wall is a happy place for jasmine, chimonanthus, choisya, wistaria, and others of the best class of climbing plants, and of such shrubs as are grateful for the protection of a warm wall in our climate. The walls of the house itself have for the most part a profusion of clambering cluster roses, giving a distinct character to this part of the planting, and one

that is in exact harmony with the architecture. It is not overdone, and it is well that it is so, for when a house is good in all its treatment and detail it is a great mistake to smother it in a mass of vegetation, however beautiful this may be in itself. This is a matter too often lost sight of in the planting of house walls. One each of a quantity of different climbers is what is most usually seen, whereas the better way is first to consider the character of the house itself, and then to make up one's mind to the main use of one kind of climber that shall be dominant. This does not preclude the use of others, but for the sake of dignity it is better that one kind of plant should have the mastery. It is so here with excellent effect in the predominance of the cluster rose. Cluster roses are of many kinds, and several



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THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TERRACE FROM BELOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are here used, so that there is no effect of monotony. In the case of another house the dominant plants might be vines or figs or magnolias or wistaria, each of them grand plants of distinct and pictorial aspect, and with characters that seem to fit them for association with different styles of architecture.

The main part of the flower garden is on the west side of the house, where the ground rises steeply. Here are four terraces cut in the hill, with retaining walls of Bargate stone dry walling, and easy flights of steps. The uppermost terrace is a rose garden with four large L-shaped beds in a wide pavement of Bargate slabs, an excellent and simple treatment, whose effect will much improve when the dark yew hedge, bounding the uppermost wall,

that has been planted since the garden was photographed, has advanced in size and maturity.

The walls of this terraced garden have been temporarily planted with some simple wall plants, for the most part wall-flowers and yellow alyssum. Their more careful planting will be a delightful work for the next few years, and one cannot help envying their owners the pleasant task in prospect. For, with their cool easterly aspect, in this sunny land and quickly-drying soil, where drought is the gardener's foremost foe, the cool wall-joints and chinks will be the happiest possible home for many a lovely Alpine plant, for *erinus* and *campanulas* of many kinds, for saxifrages without end, for ferns and pennywort and snap-

dragons, as well as for larger plants, such as columbines, fox-gloves, and mulleins, plants that all revel in a wall. Here, again, it will be well that there should be a kind of restriction in the kinds of plants used. The effect would be immensely heightened, and the whole beauty and interest of the walls increased, if, for instance, one wall was given to ferns and columbines mainly, with the saxifrages that have green leaves, such as the mossy kinds, and the London Pride section and the pretty little early-blooming *S. cymbalaria*, while another was planted with plants mostly of grey foliage—mulleins, cudweeds, rock pinks, achilleas, artemisias, and the silvery saxifrages, instead of the walls being planted all alike, as is the case in their present state of temporary clothing.

The interior of the house has details of considerable refinement. It is that of a house delightful to live in, full of that sympathetic charm with which Mr. Lutyens so happily endows the houses that he rears for their fortunate possessors. There is a rather large and handsome drawing-room, facing



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THE HALL.

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THE STAIRWAY.

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south and west—a very comfortable winter room. The hall is the summer sitting-room, a place of pleasant restfulness. From it rise the stairs, well lighted, with low, wide treads. Above is an ample space, much more than a mere landing, furnished like a room, and giving the happiest introduction to the large, cheerful bedrooms.

The house stands near the southern edge of its plateau, only separated by a wide terrace and a retaining wall with rising parapet from the wooded hanger that falls steeply to the valley. This is a bit of natural wood, with noble groups of hollies, oaks, and an undergrowth of hazel; in spring it is blue with a carpet of wood hyacinth. A slight clearing among the trees shows a charming pastoral view of the valley of the young Wey, the little river twisting and winding through the bright green meadows, and the distance closed by the fine outline of Hind-head. The ground also falls to the east, in which direction there is a wide view of distant hill and heathland.

One cannot conclude a brief description of this charming house without a word of appreciation of the way in which the good work of the architect has been seconded by the taste of the owners. A careful selection of good pieces of old furniture, suitably put together, give a pleasant cohesion to the whole scheme. There is a quantity of valuable china, both English and Oriental, just enough to decorate adequately, without insisting on a display as a collection. The pictures are also those of a careful and intelligent collector, among them being a number of genuine examples of Morland's coloured mezzotints.

SNAILS.

THERE is no better discipline than to take stock of ourselves sometimes—we vain human beings—and compare ourselves with the humbler denizens of the same world, who often make a better thing of life than we do, and show a great deal more sense, common-sense, anyway. Snails, for instance. How little we heed their example, or sympathise with the events that mark their lives! Even Shakespeare only mentions them to illustrate the schoolboy's lagging step, and they are slow-moving; but so was the winning tortoise. Snails have a great deal more intelligence than they are given credit for; they are domestic, peaceable, and persevering, and not only are they in possession of all the senses, but have never been known to lose them. Who ever heard of a mad snail?

For his size the snail is of prodigious strength—a very Samson among the molluscs. A little French boy has just been proving this. He picked up a couple of garden-snails, glued crooked pins upon their backs, and got them harnessed by threads on to a small tin cart that had been a toy. The snails, pursuing the even tenor of their way, were evidently conscious of the weight



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HIND-HEAD IN THE DISTANCE.

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behind them, but they flinched not; they drew it slowly onwards, and when a two-pound weight was added continued their course, suffering apparently no inconvenience.

Snails are capital homers, in this respect rivalling the pigeon. According to the author of "Our Country's Shells and How to Know Them," snails have a keen sense of locality. "A snail will go out every evening, and be found at home again every morning; and, what is more, he can find food over a garden wall and return to tell his mate and take her back with him to have a meal, and then escort her home again; and for months he has been known to live in the same crevice, from which, in one case at least, he has been taught to come out and show himself when spoken to."

After reading this (and believing it) one really feels some hesitation in interfering with the enterprising snails that browse upon our chrysanthemum or plantain-lily leaves. To be plunged into a bath of salt water (sometimes boiling) is a thing I fear they do not like, any more than the Duke of Clarence enjoyed his compulsory butt of wine. It is dismal to think of the little snails waiting anxiously at home, and still more so to picture the widowed snail, in weeds. Anatomically, all the mollusca have hearts, or to speak more correctly—one apiece.

Shakespeare is not the only poet who mentions snails. Herrick gives this quaint conceit:

"Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again,"

a comparison which is more true to life than that of Sir John Suckling:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out."

The word "mice" may have a sound which to us is prettier, but the movement of the sensitive snail is much more like the quick withdrawal of a lady's foot, "as if it feared the light."

Into the warp and woof of my own life many a shining thread has been woven by the snails. In infancy one nursery rhyme was always popular:

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal."

The coloured print that accompanied this lyric represented a snail nearly as big as an elephant, with a castle on his back four times the size of life. I well remember the horns of this snail; they perfectly teemed with intelligence, and when little brothers set snails racing, it was difficult to believe they did not enter into the spirit of the contest. Certainly they frothed a good deal over it, especially on warm days. Then how pretty were the preparations at Hans Andersen's fairy feast, lit with fireflies and glow-worms, and the curtains looped with snail-slime.

In Norfolk the snail is still known by a name which dictionaries tell us is becoming obsolete. There the children's snail-ditty runs thus:

"Dodman, Dodman, put out your horn,
The thief is coming to steal your corn."

Or sometimes it is shorter: "Dodman, Dodman, put out your horn, or else I'll kill you!"

The farmers here say that gipsies catch the snails and boil them into soup.

Of course his usefulness in dietetics is one of the reasons why the snail is daily in greater request. At fashionable Parisian dinner-parties a *fricassee* of snail (prettily named) is thought a



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FROM A BEDROOM WINDOW AT FULBROOK HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dainty dish. Great quantities of the particular kind of snail preferred are reared in the Black Forest, where little fenced-in patches may be noticed, in which the farmer feeds his snail-flocks on lettuce leaves till they become deliciously plump and juicy.

There is a much livelier market for snails even in England than people generally suppose. An English snail-hunter, armed with his two-pronged iron fork, is an interesting personage. He simply catches his snails wild, and sells them as they are, unfattened, like game.

A snail merchant who was interviewed not long ago had gained a great respect for the creatures in whom he trafficked.

"He do know his own mind, you zee, and that better 'an most men and all women—eh? He do know what he do like, and where he's safe from the thrushes. He do like maple and sycamore, and nut and ash, but elder he can't abear, and so he won't go there—think o' that! And they'll crawl through a crack in an old stone wall, one to a time, and then pack inside a hundred o' 'em where I can't hook 'em out. And a snail he do know limestone from other stone, too. He's partial to limestone, and he do love an old boot!"

When asked at what shops he sold his wares, it was impossible to repress a smile at the reply, "an oyster bar," but the explanation came at once. "Oh, but they don't zell 'em for oysters. 'Tis all fair and open as the day. They do zell 'em in the shell boiled and just as they be."

It appears the best customers are glass-blowers, who find snails soothing to the chest, and say the flavour is far superior to that of winkles; "more like mutton"—Southdown without a doubt.

I have long known the value attached by the peasantry to snail broth as a cure for consumption. As children, when alterations necessitated the removal of an ivied wall, how puzzled we were to see the workmen each morning bringing empty sacks, which were taken home at the end of the day's work crammed full of something. What? That was the puzzle. At last the secret was out. The sacks were filled with snails that were collected to make snail broth and feed the delicate children. There is another way of making medicine from snails; it was told me by a Hampshire woman.

"Catch your snail (a fat black slug will do as well) and shell him. Put him to bake in the sunshine for days and days till he is quite dry and hard. Then grind him into powder. This powder taken three times a day, *regularly*, will cure consumptives given over by the doctors." Are we to expect snail farms as well as goat farms as an adjunct to modern sanatoria?

The snail merchant already alluded to had noticed another thing about snails. "You can tell a snail's age by his shell," he said, "up to five, and then he do stop a-growing and turn back the edge of his shell." The snail seller was



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FULBROOK HOUSE: THE NORTH-EAST CORNER.

"C.L."

not far wrong. Unlike the sea snail we all admire as the nautilus, the common snail enlarges his old house as he finds it necessary—throws out a bow as it were.

The "chambered nautilus" pursues a different plan. Year by year he leaves his former dwelling empty and cements it up, but still carries it about with him, and thus is fashioned the beautiful air-filled boat about which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written one of the most exquisite poems in the English language:

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread its lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more."

The nautilus shell, contrary to tradition, never floats till its inmate is dead.

On the whole there seems a good deal to be said for the simpler method of the common or garden snail, so that we may leave off with a word that is not to his disadvantage.

F. A. B.

A WAYLE OF THE WATER-BYRDES.

The Ladye was warnyd in a vyslon that her Knyght lay wonded beyonde the Flete. She bided till even-tyde, but he came not, and she took hors to rescow him. Both were whelmed in the Eagre waich rusheth up the Flete with myghtie power when freshets, moone, and wynd conjoyne. The byrdes around never cesse from wayling.

"The Ladye Dannerrette wolde ryde
Against the tyde, the rising tyde?
The struggling waters soone wille mete
Withynne the Flete, the swirling Flete.
Thou canst not ryde."
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

"The wayling storm-byrdes skym the see,
The marsh-byrde clangs, the land-byrdes flee.
Thy palfrey quakes; he hears their crie,
And flaires the salt-skud hurrying by.
Why wilt thou ryde?"
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

"Last nyght I dreamed that wonded sore,
My good Knyght lay on yonder shore,
And thither wille I swiftly hie,
Or he wille die, all lone wille die,
And I must ryde!"
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

The wrathful sonne fell reddenning down
Behind the towne, the shuddering towne.
And all too soone uprose the moone,
A glaring moone, a staring moone
To see her ryde!
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

Across the lonesome sandes she hies,
A glimmering wraith, a phantom flies,
Too nere the tyde, the stealthy tyde,
That wille not bide, that must not bide.
They wathe her ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

The feckless moone vailles not her face,
And death-pale gazes on the race.
And, lo! a crawling hissing wave
With fome the glistening sandes doth lave.
They here her ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

Darts from the Flete a soden ray,
The silverie freshets stille do play.
"Dere God, I pray one minute more,
That I may gaine the further shore!"
How she doth ryde!
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

Scharpe echoes back from yonder shore
The rushing Eagre's solemne rore.
Grete God! she heres the waters mete
Withynne the Flete, the raging Flete!
And stille wolde ryde!
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

The Ladye gave noe sob nor grone,
Her stede did mone a feresome mone,
And shriller grew the see-byrdes' crie!
"Not one alone this night will dye",
For she wille ryde!
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

The gathering waters bear him o'er
From where he fell on yonder shore;
She greetes him floting through the nyght,
A gruesome sight, her wonded Knyght!
He sees her ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

She spurs her stede into the flod,
All stayned with blod, her warriour's blod.
"God's curse light on the ruthlesse hande
That layd him low on that lone strande!"
She stille doth ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

She spake; and in her direst nede
Down sank her gallant quiv'ring stede!
She flotes a moment on the tyde,
And fayn wolde reach her good Knyght's side,
But cannot ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

The waters bear him to her brest,
And now they rest, the long, long rest.
A claspe, a kiss, a sob, a mone,
Then welcome deth, but not alone, ah! not alone!
'Twas her last ryde.
Karoo Karee, Pewitt Pewee!

Francis, Saint, and frend of Byrde,
Ever lete the wayle be heard.

VOX CLAMANS.

WILDFOWL POOLS AND TEAL PITS AT BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST.—I.

SOME years ago the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., introduced improved methods of shooting management on the Beaulieu estate. This soon resulted in raising the bags of partridges from about twenty-five brace (walking) and a total bag of from 300 to 500 brace, to a maximum of 347½ brace in a day's driving, and over 2,000 brace in a good season. More recently very successful efforts have been made to turn to advantage the facilities which the estate possesses for attracting wildfowl from the adjacent sea. This manor has retained the same dimensions as when King John separated it from the New Forest to endow his Abbey of Beaulieu. It covers some 11,000 acres of land and water, with a sea frontage of six miles to the Solent shore. Backed by the Forest and fronted by the sea, it is divided on the eastern side by the estuary of the Beaulieu River. The tidal part of this begins just opposite the remains of the Abbey and the present Palace House, under the mill lock, and runs for several miles past large woods and little marshy valleys to the sea. Except for the frontage of the Exbury Estate on the right as you enter the river it lies entirely in the manor, which thus has as one of its natural features what is practically a preserved tidal river.

The purpose of the notes here given is to describe in some measure the way in which the natural features of the estate, and its proximity to the sea, have been used to increase the number of wildfowl of very many kinds, and to attract them from the sea to fresh waters, existing naturally as pools and ponds, or made expressly for the purpose. The results are admirable in regard to the shooting obtained and the very slight expense incurred; and the sport is of the best kind, being very varied in its scene and surroundings, while the variety of species brought to the gun is remarkable. Last

season 600 duck and fowl of various kinds were shot, every one of them wild birds, while the expenditure in converting clay-pits into ponds, and in making and repairing screens and shelters by some of the larger existing pools, reckoning interest on capital and occasional labour, would not come to more than an annual £20 at the outside, allowing for repairs.

The natural recruiting ground for the Beaulieu duck is the Solent, where, in calm weather, great bodies of fowl of many kinds lie out at sea all day, coming into the mud and marshes to feed at night. But if they can find quiet and suitable fresh water to visit during the day, to wash, drink, and sleep beside, a proportion of them will do so. If a storm is blowing at sea they cannot ride it out, and then come into the ponds in really large numbers, and remain till the gale is over.

What has been done at Beaulieu has been to increase the number of ponds, and to give greater facilities for shooting the others, by enabling the guns to fire from the inner margin of beds of reeds which lie at the heads and sides of the lakes, or, where these are without natural shelter, to give a chance of approaching unseen to within shooting distance of the water. Also some existing ponds have been fenced in from cattle, and the rushes allowed to grow at their edge, thus giving quiet and shelter for the duck. The distance at which the ponds lie from each other would, until quite recently, have made it difficult or impossible to combine them into one day's shooting. But Mr. Scott-Montagu has devised a new and practical illustration of the varied uses of the motor-car, by employing several of these as transports during the day. Guns, keepers, and dogs are carried at speed from point to point, perhaps three or four miles apart, or can "trek" to luncheon at any speed allowed by law, with the least possible waste of time. The physical change from shooting and walking to the rapid and easy rush past woods and coverts, or skirting bits of forest, or along the top of the long seabank, within a few yards of which the flood-tide of the Solent is piling up seaweed as the waves break on the shingle slope, forms a series of very exhilarating and novel intervals in the day. If Colonel Hawker's ghost ever walks by the Solent shore where he spent so many happy days and nights "mud-creeping" and punt-gunning, it must admit, with candid approval, that the new century of sportsmen has inherited and carried to a pitch of perfection of which he could not have dreamt both his taste for wildfowling and his remarkable appreciation of mechanical inventions.

The formation of ponds and pools, so as to draw more birds from the sea, and the making of the big existing pools more shootable, are perhaps best described separately, premising that, though the pits are "made," it is only a conversion of existing and useless excavations into pools suitable for holding numbers of wildfowl.

The following are two typical examples of the cheap making of teal pits, to use the name technically given them, though plenty of mallard come there too. Digging marl or clay was the oldest form of fertilising land in England. Consequently, on many estates clay and marl digging went on for centuries on each farm, and the pits often became large and deep. Sometimes when the pit became uncomfortably deep, and it was found difficult to haul the loads up, they began another one close by. These pits in course of time were rather a disfigurement. When an owner came into possession, perhaps centuries after the pits were dug, he often planted in and around them. The pits then



W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING A DYKE.

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became almost ready-made ponds, which only wanted either damming across at the bottom, or filling with water by draining slopes near, or making cuts into them. Some such pits at Beaulieu are in the middle of big woods, and have been turned into teal pits, with the best results.

No. 1, about an acre and a-half, was made at a cost of about 6s. for labour. A very small flow of water came in at the top, a mere wood-runnel, I think, only flowing after rain. It worked its way out through a narrow ditch at the lower end. All that was required was to fill this exit up with clay and put a 6in. drain pipe through, about 3ft. above the old exit. The water quietly filled the pit and rose a little up the sloping sides. All the underwood and bushes naturally growing there were just left as they were, their bases being covered for a few feet. This particularly endears these ponds to teal, which have a special dread of falcons or enemies from above, and take great delight in swimming under shelter, as they are able to do here. A few tame decoy duck were put on the pond, and some feed left about it. In the course of a year wild teal and duck began to frequent it; and this season six guns, approaching it from different sides, bagged sixty duck and teal. There are screens of wattle set up at one or two points, the cost of which must be added to the trifle spent on labour.

Leaving the underwood for the water to rise round is also important, because the duck do not all rise together, but some hang back, and rise separately from the sheltered parts.

No. 2 pond, also made from a clay-pit, stands in a wood of 300 acres. It is larger than No. 1, and is entered by a quite considerable brook, up which otters travel by night into the forest, as their footmarks showed on the day when the shooting described later took place. Consequently, a proper dam was needed, with a side overflow, roughly but effectively made. This cost some £12 in labour, the value of which, to take the most rigidly businesslike view, has probably been paid twice over in the duck shot there already.

Two other ponds in process of construction will be in working order by next season. On this beat there are also the great Sowley Pond of 70 acres, and a snipe marsh, at the head of which butts have been set up, where snipe drives can usually be had with great success, as the butts are set in the line in which local experience shows that the snipe can generally be driven. On the reclaimed marshes near the Solent there also lies a large "splash" of brackish water called Blackwater. This has been greatly improved for shooting purposes by fencing the banks, which are old reclamation banks, and lie at some distance from the margin of the pool. This keeps cattle away from it, and leaves a wide margin, which has just been planted with young pines. These will in time form a perfect shelter; but meantime the water, which is some 200yds. long, lies very quiet, and the increased growth of rushes round the border encourages all kinds of wildfowl, including snipe. Adits, to enable the guns to shoot from, closer to the water's edge than the bank, and passages and screens have been added. Throughout the spring and summer this place is kept as a sanctuary. Visitors to Beaulieu itself will also remember the fine lake above Palace House and the Abbey. This has also been "developed" for shooting, and the whole series of pools and lakes is linked up by the use of the indispensable motor. This gives either a whole day at wildfowl, or enables a day's partridge driving or pheasant shooting at the end of the season to be varied by a visit to some of the ponds or pools. For instance, on October 10th, 1899, six guns were partridge driving, and having excellent sport, killing 337 partridges, when it came on pouring wet in the afternoon. The party adjourned to the Old Park duck pits, and at one stand bagged 45 duck, and these duck, it must be remembered, are every one of them wild bred. The total bag of that day, interfered with as it was by rain, was: Partridges, 337; wildfowl, 45; pheasants, 22; rabbits, 14; total, 418.

The next article on this subject will give some description of the mode of improving existing pools and lakes at Beaulieu, with some account of the method of shooting them. It may be added that on October 2nd, 1902, a by no means out-of-the-way bag was made, all being genuine wild-bred fowl, of 75 duck; 36 teal; 10 snipe; 17 various, including 2 widgeon (very early), 1 shoveller, 2 pintail, coots and pigeons; 2 pheasants; 2 rabbits; total, 142.

C. J. CORNISH.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING NOTES.

DUCKS IN HARD WEATHER.

WE seldom have seen ducks affected to quite the same extent by any moderate change of weather as we found their movements affected by the recent spell of hard weather and the thaw following on it. In a central part of England where there are some lakes, of which a portion was left free of its coating of ice, the keeper said that there were more duck on one of the days of the frost—the Sunday—than he had ever seen there in his life before. This was a man with a grey beard, and he had been born on the estate. It is the kind of statement that is rather comforting to put against the continual complaints (on the whole, no doubt,

only too true) that the wild duck population of our islands is decreasing. Doubtless it is decreasing; but doubtless some check to the general decrease is being applied by the number of "tame wild duck" that so many people now rear artificially, and are beginning to learn can be reared, like real tame duck, without any water to swim in at all. Perhaps they do even better, as a farmer of our acquaintance said of the tame duck that if you give them water "they only swim all their flesh away." In any case, many half-wild duck are now raised where the ornamental water is very small; and they must help the general wild-duck population. The old keeper at the place we were speaking of said that there were "three acres of solid ducks" on one of the lakes; and he is not a man wholly given over to the picturesque in his description. He is rather a man of facts. Yet on the Tuesday, when we tried to shoot this "three acres of solid ducks," there were only about twenty on the lake in all. Of course the thaw had come in the interval, and although the lake was still mainly frozen over, and virtually no more than the "three acres" of open water, the ducks had betaken themselves to some other resorts that they knew, by some inscrutable means, to be ready again for them. Perhaps, after all, the means were not so inscrutable. Perhaps they merely just flew across to see.

AN INFLEX OF PIGEONS.

Another bird very much affected in its movements by the frost when it was general over Europe was the wild pigeon. Shooting in Norfolk just before the frost came, there were hardly any of the foreign pigeons—they are very easily distinguished from the wild pigeon that is native; but so soon as the frost came they were there in immense numbers—numbers said to be unprecedented, although, of course, this big adjective is thrown about rather more carelessly than it should be. Still, their multitude was surprising, and the suddenness of their appearance yet more so. They were feeding for the most part, as it seemed, on the turnip tops. There were no acorns, to speak of, this year, or probably they would have been here long before. Only one other bird seems to approach them at all in the faculty of absorbing acorns—that is the duck, whether tame or wild. In a big acorn year you will find many wild duck up in the woods, under the oaks, where you would look for them quite vainly in a year when acorns are as scarce as they are this season.

GETTING RID OF THE OLD STOCK.

Apocryphal of a remark made in these notes as to the difficulty of circumventing the old cock pheasants late in the year, and the relative frequency of a real long-spurred one in the bag of the first shoots, a keeper said to us: "Yes, sir, that is true of the old cocks, and of the old hens too. I do like," he went on, "to see a gentleman shooting the low hens early in the year. It is always the old hens—four years old or so—that go slinking away low through the trees, and of course a-many gentlemen will not shoot at 'em. But I likes to see 'em killed." This is a regular keeper's theory of shooting; and it is to be hoped that the number of the shooters that will spare the low hen in general is somewhat greater than this good fellow's comment went to show; but no doubt if it could be done, it would be for the good of the stock that the old hens, no less than the old cocks, should be decimated; but for all our sakes it is to be hoped that the slaughter of the low hen will not become too generally recognised as the right thing in covert shooting. A great "tip" for getting at your old cocks at the latter end of the season is to beat your coverts quite differently, and perhaps just the reverse way, from that in which you have beaten them earlier in the year. The old cock has learned by experience where he is likely to find guns; and you may put him quite out of his reckoning by altering their positions. This, combined with thoroughly efficient "stopping," should enable you to account for a fair proportion of them.

A POACHING PREVENTION SOCIETY.

The Norfolk and Suffolk Poaching Prevention Society continues to do good work. Its scope is wider than its name indicates, for it is not only deterrent of offences against property in game, but aids its members and the public by disseminating and collecting information of importance to shooting men generally. This year's report of the executive council is now issued, explaining both the methods and the working of the society. Part of its active work is to undertake the conduct of prosecutions for poaching, egg-stealing, illicit buying, and assaults on keepers. It thus relieves individuals of the odium of a personal prosecution. But it does more than this; by permanently retaining the services of one professional man, the secretary, who is a Norwich solicitor, to carry on enquiries and legal action, it accumulates a quantity of useful information at headquarters. This includes several years' experience of the ways of both stealers and receivers, and enables the society to take measures effectively against both. As the president is Lord Coke, the vice-president the Marquess of Bristol, and the Norfolk and Suffolk committee numbers a large proportion of the best sportsmen and largest game preservers in the two counties, the character and authority of such a society are a guarantee for the correctness of its procedure, and must carry weight when, as it occasionally does, it makes an appeal to other bodies of sportsmen. The society prints a list of game farmers on its books, with exact particulars as to the acreage of their land and the number of eggs offered for sale. In return the members undertake not to buy eggs from sources not sanctioned by the society without informing the secretary. A list of farmers associated in the Game Eggs Guild in different parts of England and Scotland is also given. The reports of prosecutions for egg-stealing, trespass, assault, etc., show that the society has been of great service to the members and to the country.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following answers to questions issued to the members are reported by Mr. E. R. Pratt of Ryston Hall, Downham Market:

Hungarian Partridges—A Warning.—Have you bought any Hungarian partridges during the last twelve months, and if so, how many, and from whom? Were their feet ringed for purposes of recognition? Mr. Pratt reports that 102 members replied, that 13 had bought Hungarian birds, the largest purchase being 300, and the smallest 20. Nearly all these birds came from dealers believed to be importers, but two sets from less satisfactory sources. It is noted that the trade in Hungarian partridges has so much increased that it is very desirable that fuller information should be placed at the disposal of members as to the source of supply, on the same lines as that given with regard to pheasant farms. Enquiries are now being made as to this trade. As to marking, none of these birds are reported as having been marked with rings, one member replying: "I think rings a great mistake; they get rubbed or worn off, or collect mud and cripple the birds." Another says: "My keeper believes that they get rid of the rings."

Great Increase in the Stock of Pheasants.—An increase of over 15,000 pheasants, or 17 per cent. more than in 1896, which was noted as a very good year, is reported by thirty-seven members of the society who answered a question as to the relative number of pheasants killed in 1896 and 1901.

A CLOSE TIME FOR MALLARD IN FEBRUARY.

SIR.—The general close time for wild duck begins on March 1st. For birds going north to breed this may be adequate protection. But there is abundant evidence that in a mild season duck of various kinds which are going to nest in this country have often already paired in February. Sometimes even eggs are found before the end of that month, and very frequently in March. Consequently to shoot wild duck before March is to run the risk of killing birds just about to nest. One might as well shoot partridges in March. Mr. Stevenson, in his admirable work on the "Birds of Norfolk," drew attention to this some thirty-five years ago, noting that some young wild duck seen in April must have been hatched in March, and suggesting that facts of this kind would have to be considered in any forthcoming legislation for their protection. The nesting of the mallard in February is noted in ordinary works of reference, and, though exceptional, is fairly frequent. In the case of widgeon, which do not breed in England and only sparingly in Scotland, and of later nesting birds like the teal, the close time might be left as it is; but it would be interesting to know whether your readers agree that mallard should be given protection in February.—S. P.

FROM THE FARMS

SHEPHERDS' PACK WAGES.

OUR Northumbrian correspondent says: "In the northern part of Northumberland and throughout a considerable portion of the Scottish Border counties of Roxburgh and Berwickshire a feeling of unrest has prevailed for some time in shepherding circles in regard to the method of payment of wages. For many years the shepherds in those counties have received what is known there as a pack wage, and as the profits arising from this method of payment have been in recent years smaller, both actually and relatively, than formerly was the case, a preference has been and is being shown by the shepherds in very many cases for a regular weekly money wage instead of the old plan, and a considerable number of the engagements now being made are on the new terms. A shepherd engaged on the pack system of payment, instead of having a money wage of so many shillings a week, is allowed to keep a certain number of breeding ewes, ewe hoggs (for drafting into his flock), and also a number of feeding sheep. The whole of these go along—or are supposed to, at any rate—with the farmer's sheep, and the shepherd pays nothing for their keep. The money produced by the sale of lambs, draft ewes, wool, and feeding sheep is part of the wage the shepherd gets for his services. As a general rule a quantity of corn is also given, which the herd can either use or sell, and a cow's keep is nearly always included. Sometimes a small sum of money is paid likewise, but in such cases the number of sheep allowed is smaller in consequence. It is a well-known fact that the shepherd is, perhaps, the most important man on the farm. Even if the farmer is continually on the spot, there are times when the shepherd is of necessity left to himself, and when he must act on his own judgment. It is most essential, therefore, not only that he be a capable man, but that he have an interest in his work. Everything which tends to excite such an interest should therefore be encouraged, and whatever may be calculated to operate in the contrary direction should be promptly and totally eliminated. Where the pack wage is the rule, the shepherd has the strongest possible inducement for taking a keen interest in the well-being of his own sheep, and so long as that is the case I am convinced he is impelled to take a similar, if not quite so strong an, interest in the stock belonging to his employer. He can hardly help himself—the animals themselves appeal to him—and the natural tendency of his nature, kept at concert pitch by his personal stake, will induce him, apart from any question of will or moral responsibility, to put forth greater efforts for the securing of the well-being of his employer's flock, and consequently for the benefit of his master's pocket, than would otherwise be the case. The difference in the efficiency of a shepherd who has gone from a pack to a money wage may not become apparent all at once, but I am sure that he cannot escape from the dulling effect of the monotony which will accompany the change in the method of payment, and ultimately he will become a less useful servant."

RECENT SHIRE AVERAGES.

So many sales of Shire horses have already been held this year that it is possible to form a fair idea of the market. It has

not been a very sensational season, and yet the opening has been of a quite satisfactory character. Forty-two animals were sold from Sir Alexander Henderson's well-known stud at Buscot Park, and the total proceeds amounted to £5,282 11s., or an average of £125 15s. 6d. for the forty-two lots. The highest price was given by Mr. Leopold Salomons for the beautiful two year old filly Buscot Chloris. This should be a first-rate addition to the excellent stud now being formed at Norbury. The Markeaton Shires bear a name familiar throughout the country, and indeed the number of studs that possess animals with the prefix "Markeaton" is enormous. The highest price given at that sale was 360 guineas for a colt by the Bride of Blagdon. The total proceeds amounted to a little over £4,000, and the average was slightly over £84. Mr. Joseph Wainwright's collection at Buxton had to be dispersed owing to the termination of the lease of Rock's Farm. The average worked out at the very good figure of over £52 each. The highest price was given for the big stallion Warton Drayman, the bids starting very low down, but going up to £825, at which price the stallion was acquired by Lord Llangattock for his stud at the Hendre.

PIGLINGS AND THEIR DAMS.

The question of the breed of pigs to keep is one that is continually arising on the farms, and at present there seems to be a growing tendency in favour of the larger white varieties. The matter is one depending most upon what are really arithmetical figures, since, of course, the animal that can best assimilate its food and turn it into pork is the more economical. White pigs, as a rule, can be more easily fed than Berkshires, but the quality of the bacon is better in the latter. We give here an illustration of two sows and their offspring that



C. F. Grindrod.

THE ACORN HARVEST.

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will amuse our readers and also show what a healthy family of pigs should look like. They are busy fattening themselves among the acorns, and carry to us a pleasant reminder of the early days of autumn, when the leaves are falling and the acorns are ripe—a time of year when pigs are lucky that live near groves of oak.

LITERARY NOTES.

"NAPLES IN 1799," by Constance H. O. Giglioli (*née* Stocker) (Murray), distinctly deserves to be noted as an important book which will repay careful reading. The writer is perfectly correct in stating that there is a side to the drama of 1799 which English literature has been too apt to ignore; indeed, that the whole business has been regarded mainly as a mere piece of background to the life of our Nelson, and that our historians have neglected the Neapolitan aspect of the matter. She might have added that events elsewhere were of a gravity so infinitely greater, that omission to enquire into the real truth concerning the Neapolitan Revolution was but natural. In the presence of Alexander the Great as a subject, men neglected, so to speak, the details of the biography of Alexander the Coppersmith. The French Revolution overshadowed all things. Now, more than a hundred years after the events, something approaching to justice to the founders of the short-lived Neapolitan Republic is done in the English tongue, and the reader cannot fail to see how they were driven to the action which they took; still less can he fail to perceive that our gallant Nelson, blinded by his infatuation against the French and for Lady Hamilton alike, took anything rather than a statesmanlike view of the situation. Striking in no common measure is the portrait of Ferdinand, the Fourth of Naples and the First of the two Sicilies, brought up as a genial and ignorant lout in order

that his father, Carlo III. of Spain, the "Baby Carlos" of Carlyle, might direct his actions from Madrid. Horace Mann found him at eighteen in the mental state of an English schoolboy of ten (in the days before competitive examinations, be it noted); Hachert, the painter, found him pining for knowledge. "How many thousands would I give to know the tenth part of what you know!" exclaimed the uneducated King. A good man of his hands was Ferdinand, missing one shot out of a hundred, a sound fisherman and boatman. But, as of course, animal spirits, untempered by refinement or culture, led him into all sorts of extravagant stupidities first and cruelties later, and totally disqualified him for kingship at a critical period when kingly qualities were sadly needed in the man who occupied the throne. Emphatic, too, is the portrait of Maria Carolina of Austria, destined to be the ruin of her husband and of the Bourbon power in Naples, and to be the scourge of the people. Ambitious, high-spirited, ferocious in temper—Ferdinand was the most henpecked of kings—she was the worst of consorts to a silly monarch. Portraits, especially one in a fisherman's costume, illustrate the weakness of Ferdinand in a speaking fashion; and a photograph of the wax bust of Maria Carolina at Caserta, in her own dress and adorned with a lock of her own hair, is very instructive. This bust, reproduced for the first time by special permission of the Ministero del Casa Reale at the Quirinal, is supposed to be the best likeness of the Queen, and (mere waxwork although it be) it is impressive. The face seems inspired with a cruelty, a ferocity, and a narrowness of mind which are appalling. Nominally under the King, really ruled by her with the aid of as corrupt a crew of politicians as ever was mixed up in the plundering of a people, rather than in their government, the populace were goaded into revolution which was justified, Nelson notwithstanding, if ever revolution was justified on this earth. So much, at any rate, these pages make abundantly clear. For us in England, too, they have a special interest. Nelson is to us, and always will be, a hero and almost a demigod. His services to his country outweigh all his weaknesses a thousandfold. But he succumbed to Delilah, like many another great man since Samson, and the genius of George Romney has made the victory of this beautiful woman easy to understand. Let any man (any real man that is) go to the National Gallery to gaze on the wonderful portrait, and he will find it easy to pardon Nelson. Even when reproduced, as in this volume, without the aid of colour, it has a marvellous fascination. It is not difficult to picture the great sailor permitting himself to be cajoled and misled by the fair face of the woman who, after being Greville's mistress, and Sir William Hamilton's mistress before she married him, actually had the strength of mind to educate herself comparatively late in life. There was a powerful mind under the smooth brow and behind the expressive eyes which gaze out of the picture; and it is small wonder that the great sea-captain fell a victim. That he was wrong, politically speaking, in so falling and in believing the clever friend of a wicked queen, this interesting book proves to demonstration. It contains, in fact, a chapter of history which called to be written, and it is distinctly well written.

"Bell's Handbooks to Continental Churches" are always carefully compiled and the work of competent persons, and *Mont S. Michel* and *Notre Dame, Paris*, the latest additions to the series, are worthy of their predecessors. The first is the work of Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé, who has already written of Chartres, Tewkesbury, Bristol, and Gloucester, and the reviewer, who knows S. Michel well, ventures to congratulate him alike on the treatment of the subject and on the efficient aid which he has received from illustrators with pen and camera. The case was clearly one in which it was right to depart from the ordinary groove of the handbooks, and to enter into geological and geographical history. Not less marked than the outline of the famous Mount and its crown of buildings is its singular and isolated position, identical with that of the Mount of St. Michael in Cornwall; and there is no doubt whatsoever that, when both were built originally, the relation between sea and land in their respective environments was quite other than that which is seen at present. In both cases the geological formation is the same; in both the sea has clearly made great incursions. At Mont S. Michel, says Mr. Massé, the causeway is a source of danger, since it diverts the currents and causes them to sap the foundations, which have had to be renewed recently. This is bad news, for of all places in this world that are genuinely picturesque Mont S. Michel produces perhaps the clearest impression on the memory. Still, it will last some time, and the visitor cannot be better equipped to visit it than with this neat and

thorough volume. *Notre Dame* falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Hiatt, who has already dealt with Chester, Beverley, and Westminster, but space does not permit more than a statement that the work, which is fully illustrated, is remarkably well done.

Stratford-on-Avon, by Harold Baker (George Bell and Sons), is a sufficient guide-book to the town which Mr. Baker rightly calls the "literary Mecca of the whole English-speaking race," although, as a matter of fact, it is to be feared that the mass of the pilgrims come from beyond seas. "Avon," says Mr. Baker, "is Celtic, and in Welsh, spelt Afon, still denotes river." He might have simplified matters, if he had known, by adding that in Welsh a single "f" is pronounced as if it were "v," and that the Welsh "ff" is the equivalent of the English "f." The book is adequate, and the photographs for illustration were taken by the author.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Jouesse d'Amour, by G. Nikral (Drane). This book, described as a literary variety entertainment, is not quite what the title might lead one to expect. In fact, it is quite harmless for the most part; and the story entitled "The Laughing Maid" is distinctly pretty. The introduction, which is called an overture, is written for the most part in verse, printed as prose, which is annoying, and the poetry, printed as verse, is poor. This, for example, will not do:

"When I, this maggots form, have left
In coffin chrysalis and cleit
With radiant wing the azure space."

The Nature Student's Note-Book (Constable). The notes, which are fair, are by Canon Steward of Salisbury Training College; the tables by Miss Mitchell, who lectures there. The book is interleaved for private notes; a good idea.

Billiards, by J. P. Buchanan (George Bell), is in its second edition, and it deserves its success, if only for the simple lucidity of its sensible directions. A few pleasant anecdotes. Mr. Buchanan once met John Roberts unawares. He did not win, even with 30 in 100!

The Parish Doctor, by Alec Cook (Long). Mr. (unless Alec be short for Alexandra) Cook describes his book as a novel, and it must be admitted that it is a kind of story, very domestic at the outset, with a suspected murder (which turns out to be a case of trance, cured by tickling with a peacock's feather and a draught of brandy) in the middle, and a marriage at the end.

Crimson Lilies, by May Crommelin (Long). Here we have a book which is characteristic of Miss Crommelin; a story of a child stolen, rescued by strangers, recovered, and identified—also, of course, married. The probabilities do not worry Miss Crommelin much, but she can conceive a story and tell it in a thoroughly picturesque and dramatic fashion. In real life Mrs. Meggs would have given Zero a bath, but that would have hampered the story.

Bromide Printing, by the Rev. F. C. Lambert, and *Enlargements*, by G. Rodwell Smith (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), are Nos. 25 and 26 in the "Amateur Photographer Series," and will no doubt prove valuable to amateur photographers.

ARTIFICIAL RESTRAINTS IN FORESTRY.

IN friendly response to Mr. Buxton's invitation, and in full sympathy with the object he has in view, it may be worth while perhaps to enquire into and to analyse somewhat the conditions and causes which have brought about in the past, especially in the midlands and south of England, those beautiful effects of forest scenery it is his laudable wish to reproduce for our descendants in reforesting the Hainault land. And if such an enquiry should tend to offer to Mr. Buxton some suggestions worthy of his consideration, his frank and open mind will, I am sure, not resent the fact that it may also question his belief that we owe these delightful remnants of forest landscape to "Nature's work unfettered by artificial restraints." On the contrary, I am afraid it will suggest that they are the result of the hard struggles of Nature during centuries with the needs and caprices of man. At first, under the name of forest protection, Nature was checked and hampered at every step by game laws and communal rights; afterwards, as population increased, willfully wasted by fire to gain ground for cultivation, or ruthlessly spoiled for house and ship building material, or for fuel to feed not only the domestic hearth, but also the glass and smelting furnaces; then outraged almost to the extinction of her woodlands, by the exigencies of civil war and the necessities of impoverished owners; and in later times of peace and plenty still bound subservient to the spirit of agricultural progress, tempered luckily by the good sense and good taste of most of the landowners of the country. To be candid, it will probably suggest that Nature, if really left alone, far from realising the landscape ideals Mr. Buxton attributes to her, would quickly reinstate the old Forest of Essex, of which Epping and Hainault were but small portions, until, in the words of Wright, the historian of Essex, based on the perambulations made in 1228, 1298, and 1300, "the whole county might be considered as constituting in remote times only one entire forest."

Such, indeed, are the natural forests of many parts of the world even at the present time, as those who, for example, sailing up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, may note on either side of the river a hundred miles at a stretch and extending inland as far as the eye can reach, broken indeed by rivers and chasms or barren rocks, by lakes and swamps, by the villages and clearances of settlers near the shore, and also, alas! by the vast blasted and blackened areas willfully or accidentally destroyed by fire, but otherwise covering the country to the water's edge like a pall and contrasting strongly with the ideal of English forest scenery.

The monotony of these huge wooded landscapes immediately strikes the traveller's eye, and though the interior of any primeval or natural forest is full of charm and perpetually recurring interest from the variety of its



THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

trees and plants and wild life, it also, by its sombre sameness, soon begins to depress the individual threading his way through it day after day along at best a rough and encumbered track until he emerges once again into the open with a sigh of relief as on throwing off a nightmare, and cries in delight, like Stanley's followers in Africa, "The plain, the open plain!" or as the Greek army of old cried "Thalassa, Thalassa!" when once again they viewed the sea.

Such, indeed, were the woods which covered Britain in early days of history. But these forests are forests in the modern sense of the word, and are very different to the forest of mediæval English history. Therefore, to begin with, we must first realise the meaning of that word in the times subsequent to the Norman Conquest of England. His Majesty's Office of Woods and Forests still retains in its title the distinction between a wood and a forest, for a wood does not make a forest, and still less was an old English forest restricted to a wood, though woods and coverts undoubtedly formed the basis of the forest. Manwood, in his "Treatise of the Laws of the Forest," first "imprinted for publique Use, A.D. 1598," defines the meaning of the word forest, and gives its derivation in the following sentence: "And hereupon the Latinists have framed this Latin word, *Foresta*, for a Forest, being compounded of those two words, *fera* and *statio*, so that *Foresta est ferarum statio*, which is that a Forest is a safe abiding place for wild beasts. And then, according to the same manner, imitating the Latinists, we have framed the English word, a Forest, being compounded of these two words For and Rest." The latter part of this quotation may be accepted as a temptation to pun upon the English word "forest," which the old author could not resist. At another part of the work he writes also: "A forest is a certain territory of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, privileged for wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase, and warren; to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King, for his Princely delight and pleasure." And again: "And therefore a forest doth chiefly consist of these four things, that is to say, of vert, venison, particular laws and privileges, and of certain meet officers appointed for that purpose to the end that the same may be the better preserved and kept for a place of recreation and pastime meet for the royal dignity of a Prince," vert in the above including besides timber anything of pasture or plant life, as venison does of game. Evelyn, too (1664) in his "Silva" writes:



JEALOUS NEIGHBOURS—OAK AND BEECH.

Both trees show good examples of occlusion. The oak, at 5ft. from the ground, is 13ft. 6in. in circumference, the beech 11ft.; height about 70ft.

"Let us enquire what was antiently meant by a forest, waiving those (I think) impertinent etymologies, *quia foris est*, Lombard Gloss, etc. A forest is properly an harbour for wild beasts *quasi ferarum statio*." But Manwood's derivation of forest from *fera* and *statio*, appropriated though it was from the Black Book of the Exchequer of the thirteenth century, has been questioned.

Nisbet, in his "British Forest Trees" (1893) writes as follows: "Thus at the end of the eighth century the old German word *forst*, corrupted through the old Norman form *foret* into the legal Latin *forestare*, to place under ban, became *foresta*, *forestis*, which up till then had merely denoted a royal hunting ground, but henceforth was applied to all such other lands as were proscribed or laid under ban as regards cultivation, the right of chase being vested in the King, or in those specially permitted by him to exercise it," and in a note he adds, "*Frost* was derived from the old High German word *foraka* = Scots Fir."

Menage (1750) and Littré (1873), the great French authorities, and our own new Oxford Dictionary (1902), derive the word from the mediæval Latin word *foresta*, itself derived from the Latin *foris* = outside, the outside country or fields. Littré incidentally disposes in advance of Nisbet's derivation from the German word *forst* by saying that German philologists were agreed that *forst* itself



OVERCOME BY THEIR PARENT.

The father showing gash made by lightning in 1900.

came from a Latin form. Menage adds to his derivation from *foris* a quotation from the capitularies of Charlemagne to the effect that a forest is a place from which a person had a right to exclude another. Menage also quotes a saying of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which may also suggest a derivation. St. Hugh on seeing the tyranny of the foresters said that they were rightly so called, because "*Foris stabunt extraregnum Dei*" ("They will stand outside the kingdom of God"). Still, it is not quite easy to trace how the word forest acquired its later meaning. It may perhaps be thus. The earliest word framed on the root *foris* is *forasticus* meaning a stranger or foreigner, and at the present day the Italian word *forestiere* has the same signification. Later on *foresta* or *forasta* is formed to signify a district which is outside, or foreign. It was common in old times outside settled or cultivated areas to leave a belt of wooded country quite unoccupied. No one might live or hunt there. No timber might be cut there. The tract was left waste. The purpose was a defensive one. The idea was that it would be difficult for an invader to traverse it quickly or support himself in it. A district so situated was under a ban or prohibition. Hence this meaning of placing under a ban gets attached to the word *forestare*. This idea of defensive forests seems upheld in our country by the great forests around London in early days, and the forests on the Welsh marshes and the Scotch borders. Later on, however, the defensive purpose became less important. In the meantime the tract has become a quiet preserve for wild beasts and an excellent hunting ground. As upon the Prince or Sovereign rested the enforcement of the laws relating to this outside zone, so naturally the hunting amenities would come into his hands alone, and hence the forest acquired the meaning of a royal hunting ground.

The bounds or limits of such forests were marked by stones and other meers, and so the distinction between a forest and a park gradually came into existence, the park being a woodland tract enclosed with wall or paling, while the forest was outside and unenclosed.

Then as the population increased began the constant struggles of the people to encroach upon the forests in their neighbourhood for land to be placed under cultivation. Land was filched; woods were burnt or destroyed; clearances were made. It was in the interest of the game that many open spaces were left open, and so, little by little, the forest contained less actual woods and more open ground cultivated or in pasture. Domesday Book indirectly gives us as Horace Round notes in the new "Victorian History of Essex," an idea of the proportion of woods and open ground existing in 1086, while parishes chiefly of arable land were valued as carrying so many ploughs of eight oxen, and parishes chiefly of marshes so many sheep, others chiefly woods, not for the value of their timber, but for the more important purpose—the mast it yielded for the swine fed within them. Waltham Cross Forest at this time carried about twenty-two swine to the 100 acres.

Holinshed, in his "Description of Britaine," says: "The forests within England being in number 69, except the New Forest in Hampshire, erected by William the Conqueror, and Hampton Court Forest, erected by Henry VIII., are so antient that no record maketh mention of them." Whether in the light of modern research into old documents this statement is quite accurate may be questioned. English history of course tells us of the making of the New Forest by William the Conqueror, and how some ninety square miles of land were included, and thirty villages destroyed and depopulated in order to keep this great area as a hunting ground; but for the purpose of which we are treating it it is better perhaps to refer to the enclosure of Hampton Court

Forest, the last forest "erected" in England. Of the "erection" by Henry VIII. of Hampton Court Forest (from within the bounds of which I am now writing) we have records not only in the Act constituting and defining the Chase, but also in Manwood's work written half a century later, which explain clearly how much more than woods were included within the pale of the forest.

The 31 Henry VIII., c. 5, says: "... His Graces pleasure is to erecte and make a Chase aboute the said Manour for thence of Veneray and Fowle of Warren, wch chase shalbe called Hampton Courte Chase, and that the saide Lordshippes Manours Townes and Villages of Est Mulsey West Mulsey Walton Essher Weybridge and parte of the Towne or Village of Cobham in the Countie of Surre and all lands tents meadows leasues woods and pastures lyege and beinge within the lymitts mets and bounds hereafter declared, shalbe had reputed and taken within the saide Chase, and to be p^{er}cell thereof to all intentes and purposes, wch mets and boundes are lymitted appoynted and doe extend as followethe,

"That is to witte; Att and from the Themmys side on the southe side of the Manour of Hampton Courte directlie as the Pale shalbe newlie erected made and sett to Cobham and so forth, as the Pale shall lead and be sett aboute Cobham Parke pale of Byslett Parke and from thence followinge the same pa'e to the water of Wey, and so forth by the south side of the river of Wey and the river of Themmes unto the firste comensment and beginninge of the saide Pale; . . ."

While Manwood on the same subject writes: "And after that the King had so made the same a forest, as aforesaid, he by the same Act decorated the manor of Hampton Court with the name and title of the honour of Hampton Court; and because the King had afforested the lands of divers other persons to their prejudice and hinderance, he of his Princely clemency, to shew his most gracious benignity towards the owners of the same ground, was contented to covenant with them to allow them certain privileges in recompence thereof, and also to allow them that they might cut down their woods within the precincts of the same without license of the King, or any of his officers, and also to make great fences and hedges about their Corn, to keep the same from the Deer."

The life of Hampton Court Forest was, however, a short one. Lyson, in his history of Middlesex, tells us that in consequence of the protest of the inhabitants and tenants the chase practically ceased to exist by force of an Order in Council dated May 5th, Edward VI. (1549), taking effect from Michaelmas following, and adds: "In pursuance of this the deer were removed and the paling taken down; but the district which had been enclosed has nevertheless ever since been considered as a Royal chase, and the paramount authority over all game within its limits has been reserved by the Crown, being vested in an officer who is styled Lieutenant and Keeper of His Majesty's chase of Hampton Court."

From the above it will be seen that the erection of a forest even at this time in reality meant the enclosure under despotic authority of a considerable tract of country both of cultivated and uncultivated lands, including besides woods, pastures, and cornfields, whole towns and villages. The pale, I think, was probably what in modern days would be described as a rough post and rail fence, but I have not been able to find any description or engraving which would verify this. Within this pale, or within the boundary marks, the laws relating not only to the hunting and taking or protection of the game, but also to the cutting of timber and other waste of forest, were precise and severe. Take, for instance, the following, also from Manwood: "And that a man may not fell, nor cut down his own woods being within the Forest, it doth appear by a Case adjudged in the time of King E. I., that by the Laws of the Forest no man may cut down his Woods, nor destroy any coverts within the Forest, without the view of the Forester, and Licence of the Lord Chief Justice in Eyre of the Forest, although that the soil wherein those woods do grow be a man's own freehold." But before such a licence could be obtained by the owner of the woods, "The Foresters, Verderers and other honest sufficient and lawful men dwelling within the Forest in those parts wherein the same wood is," had "to certify the King in his Court of Chancery" on ten points, the principal of which were, the first, "Whether the cutting down of the same wood will be any hurt or annoyance to the Forest of the King or not" and, the last, "Whether the wild beasts of the Forest do haunt or frequent the same wood or not." While, on the other hand, "The Lord of the Forest may enter by his officers into any man's wood which is growing within the regard of the Forest and cut down Brouse Wood for the Deer in Winter." Many other regulations of more or less similar character were included in the Laws of the Forest. They are all interesting, but the above will be sufficient to show how subservient the whole forest was in those days to the rights of the King's game.

But perhaps another extract may be permitted to show that "Waste of the Forest" extended not only to the woods, but even to the pastures of the forest; "so likewise, if a man, having a meadow ground, or a pasture, lying within the King's forest, without the coverts of the forest, and the owner of the same doth plow up his Meadow or pasture ground, that hath not been usually plowed nor sown before, and do convert the same into tillage, this shall be said to be a waste of the forest."

Thus far of the forest as a game preserve. In another letter, if the matter is of sufficient interest to your readers, perhaps you will allow me to speak of the management of the old English forests from the timber point of view.—J. L. P., Cobham, Surrey.

ON THE GREEN.

THE Times announces that the Professional Golfers' Association had decided that an international match, confined to members of the association, shall be played on a date two days earlier than the open championship. As a matter of form, we may perhaps regret the restriction of the match to members of the association; but, after all, most of the prominent players seem to belong to the association, so that the sides may be almost the same as if there were no such restriction, and perhaps it may be the means of bringing a few who have stood outside within the associated fold. But be all that as it may, the association has every right to hold an international meeting of its own members if it pleases. No one can object to that. The account that I have seen does not say whether the professionals are going to subscribe to the plan of the amateur international match—the plan of deciding by matches rather than by holes. I should rather like to see a compromise between the two—say six points given for the winning of the match, and one point additional for each hole won. I quite agree with those who argue that when we go out to play an opponent our object is to win

the match, not to smother him beneath a weight of holes; but, on the other hand, I do not see why the wretch who goes out and gets beaten by ten or twelve holes, say, should not be a dearer bargain to his side than the man who has struggled valiantly and been beaten by a single hole. It seems to me that if we gave points for the match—say six—and one each for the holes, we should be arriving at something as like justice as we have any right to expect, and should be nearer to it than our present arrangement in the amateur international match takes us. But it is all a matter of taste.

A discussion has been raging, with a rather chastened fury, in the columns of a contemporary lately, about giving tips to caddies. That is the term under which the discussion went forward, but it is not so much the giving of an occasional extra penny or two that is meant, as the promise to a caddie of some extra tip, to the magnificent extent of five shillings, even, in case of his master winning a certain competition. No doubt it is a thing which is often done, and I think it a great pity that it should be done—just in that way. Even if it does not make a caddie cheat in the donor's favour, at least it puts the temptation to do so in his path, so it is not the donor's fault if he do not fall. What is done, constantly done, and done with much less possible cause of offence (I must plead guilty to doing it myself, although I hardly think it in the interest of the highest morality), is, not to promise to give, beforehand—I think that does go a little against the grain, for one cannot but feel that it gives a caddie an admitted interest in cheating for one—but giving afterwards, without any previous promise. It may be said that this comes to much the same thing, because the caddie virtually knows that he will get his tip if you win. It may come to much the same, but not quite to the same. At least it saves one's own conscience in some measure, though I admit that it is a concession to one's weakness. If one did not give a tip at all, after a good win in which a caddie has served one well, one would feel mean, and there are many caddies whom, I am sure, no tip would induce to cheat—the best caddies too.

Cheating is much a matter of degree. I am quite sure that the caddies at Eastbourne used to cheat (I dare say they do still) in quite a harmless way. There is that hole where the tee shot is over the chalk-pit; then, if you get a really good lie, you can have a good second shot right over the trees of Paradise Wood. Of course the boys like to see this shot tried; anybody would. We had to send boys forward there to mark the balls and see that there were no passers-by liable to be hit. And it is very singular how often (far too often for the occurrence to be a chance one) I have come over that chalk-pit and found the ball lying upon a little eminence—literally teed up, so that for the life of me I could not help "going for" the wood. A ball does not, as a rule, by the simple action of dynamical laws, finish rolling down a hillside of 36deg. by sitting up on a small eminence. But that is what the balls were made to appear to do there. No doubt the boys teed them up; and no doubt you or I would do the same, not for the sake of the tip, but in order to see the next shot. But playing for money, as in a competition, it is one's duty to see that one's caddie does not cheat, whether one tips him or no. That is about what it comes to.

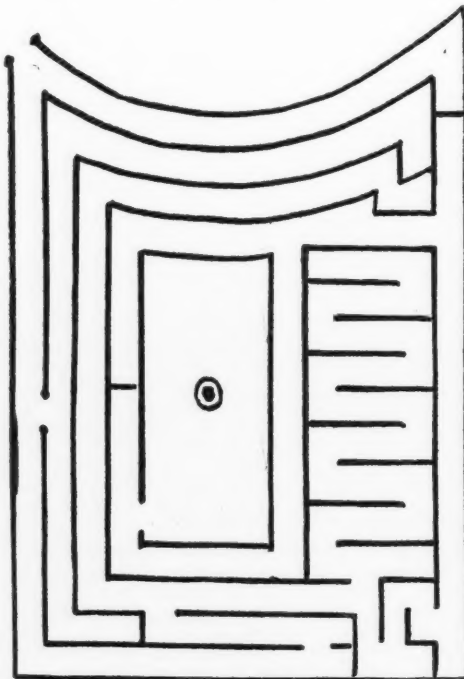
HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAZES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a sketch plan of a maze I planted twenty years ago with yew hedge. Although easy enough to get in on paper, it is curious how people wander all over the place before they find the centre.—EDGAR FLOWER, Worcestershire.



PLAN OF A MAZE.

even sometimes ventured upstairs, and to its habit of picking up unconsidered trifles on the floor it owed its untimely end. It would repose contentedly on its mistress's skirt whilst she sat and read, and my great regret is that I can obtain no photographs of this unique pet. I also knew a girl who made a pet of a common house-fly for a long time; it resided in a match-box, and was fed on sugar and water. Periodically she let it loose on a window pane, where it was tenderly watched over, and afterwards permitted her to return it to its abode whenever she liked.—N. TIMINS.

CURIOUS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers have ever heard of a duckling as a house pet? The bird I knew belonged to a friend who tells me that it strayed in at the front door of the house one day, and from that time forward until its rather early and much-lamented death (from swallowing a thimble) it refused to return to its fellows. It was a pretty sight to see the little yellow ball of fluff with a blue ribbon round its neck follow the inmates of the house in and out of the lower rooms, as it hated to be alone, and set up little quacks of rage if deserted. It

AN AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen in COUNTRY LIFE of October 25th last a photograph of the black cocker spaniel Champion Ted Obo. I send you a snap-shot of my Champion, a relative of his, Champion Zola, commonly known as Joe. Joe, who is an old dog now, is, I believe, the only surviving son of Champion



A FINE COCKER.

Jack Obo, who died some years ago in Melbourne. Joe has been shown any number of times and has never been beaten, the remark frequently being made as he was brought into the show ring, "There is only one in it."—MINA E. FRASER.

OUR CANAL SYSTEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest your leader "England's Canal System." While I was in Belgium a few months ago I happened to notice a new scheme of traction on one of the busiest canals leading to Brussels—north side near Hal. It was netted with trolley wires like an electric tramway. As I happened to pass through Belgium by railway I could not see more from a distance, nor could I say if this experiment has given good results. But I thought it worth while being given to your paper, and would be glad indeed to learn if there is something in it.—G. B.

AN INDIAN WELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is that of an old well in a garden in the North-West Provinces of India. Behind the bank on the right runs the sloping bullock track, up and down which the patient beasts, driven by a coolie, move all day long, yoked with a transverse piece of wood attached to a drag rope, which works a pulley hung above the opening. So much of the life in an Indian garden seems to centre round the well. Here there is always movement, and always, in the gasping heat of breathless summer noontide, the cool splash of water and a little oasis of surrounding green. Many a love story has started while girls dangled over the parapet resting their pitchers, or while they moved to and from the worn steps bearing their burdens aloft with inimitable Eastern grace. Has the tawny young fellow whose business it is to catch and turn the old leathern bucket no eyes for beauty, for laughing lips, and the bend of comely upraised arms? To-day he is here, but to-morrow he will be away at the other end of the garden digging trenches for the Cape gooseberries, and another will fill his place. There are also coolies, with their roughly-twisted turbans, and old men who have wandered over from the cluster of servants' huts in the further compound, bearing with them brass lotas that form shining specks of light in the sunshine. The *bheesti* too, a picturesque figure enough, in his faded coat, as he moves between the flickering shadows of the bamboos out into the open, and, with back slightly bent, stoops to spray the water with his hands as it pours from the goat-skin, and so scatter the mercurial drops over the thirsty lawns. Go to an old deserted garden, where the grass has long since faded to the tone of the drab soil from which it sprang, and walk there if you will between the drying tangle of bushes that were once a glory of blossom; push your way through all the wilderness of ill rank growth that has grown up in a few seasons and spread itself over the tender colourings; feel how still it is, how dead in the utter neglect of its desolation; then find the creeper-covered well, surrounded by a mass of dying plants and leaves, and, standing by it in the silence, you will know that here, indeed, was the heart of the garden, and that it has ceased to beat.—K. M. EDGE.

HAINAULT FOREST.

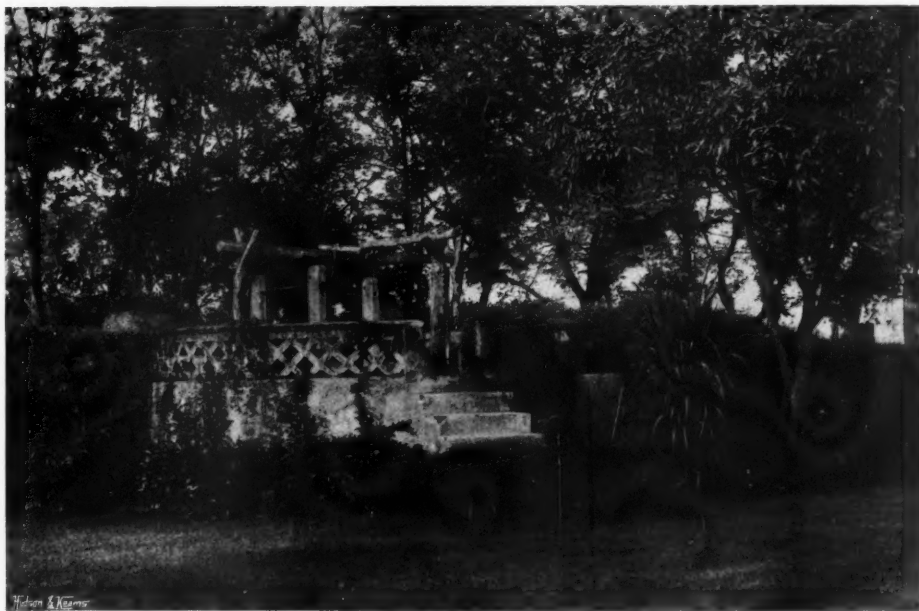
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the article and correspondence on Mr. Buxton's scheme for the reforestation of Hainault Forest, or part of it. While thoroughly sympathising with Mr. Buxton's scheme, I do not see that I can contribute much worth having to the information already contained in the above-mentioned papers, without an examination of the locality. Hence I shall restrict myself to the advice (1) that in a projected forest of this kind the indigenous trees and shrubs of

the country should be specially considered, all exotic trees unsuited to a British landscape being omitted, and (2) that sowing is likely to give better results than planting. There will, however, be great difficulty in getting anything up without temporary fencing against rabbits. Sentiment in this respect should not be carried to extremes, and the fences can be removed as soon as the object in view has been achieved. Future generations, for whom this work is to be undertaken, are not likely to grumble at the use of temporary fences, without which you may be as far thirty years hence as you are now.—W. SCHLUTZ, Surrey.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Buxton's public-spirited proposal to reforest part of Hainault Forest, which was broken up fifty years ago, is one which must commend itself to every lover of Nature, and which ought to be supported by all the public bodies in the neighbourhood. As he invites discussion on the best means of carrying out what is undoubtedly rather a difficult undertaking, I will endeavour to state some of the difficulties which will have to be met; though I must say that no one without a much better knowledge than I have of the nature of the land and the local conditions can do more than suggest how this is to be accomplished. When Mr. Buxton speaks of the formation of a "down," I think he hardly realises that a down, as I understand it, is scarcely to be met with except on chalk or limestone soil, and that the close firm turf which forms a down is usually, if not always, the result of centuries of close sheep-grazing. I would rather suggest the attempt to form open glades or lawns, such as are found in the New Forest and in Epping Forest, surrounded by groves of trees and shrubs native to the district, and so disposed as to have as natural an effect as possible. Such beautiful wildernesses as Nature, assisted by man, has produced in the New Forest and around many of the downs of Southern England require (even if they can possibly be produced by art) such an immense period of time, that I doubt whether, even if the land can be perfectly protected from people, deer, and rabbits, the public bodies who are to find the money for converting this land into a people's park will have the patience to wait; and it is certain that we shall all be dead and buried long before such thickets grown from seed as Mr. Buxton suggests can be produced. Twenty years ago I attempted something of the same sort on a piece of rather heavy land which was no longer profitable for agriculture, and though some part of it has become fairly covered with seedling ash, oak, and thorns, partly from seed blown from the trees which surround it, partly from those dropped by birds, and partly from seed sown, yet my experience shows that wherever the soil is good enough to give the seedlings a fair start in life a very large proportion of them are certain to be smothered by the dense growth of grass, weeds, and briars; and as I think it is impossible that anything like a turf or down can be formed unless the parts intended to be laid down to grass are regularly and carefully grazed, I feel sure that those parts intended to be eventually clothed with trees must be properly enclosed and treated in a different manner. A more recent attempt to form a plantation on lighter land by sowing (though the land was most carefully prepared and every means that my own experience and that of many competent advisers suggested were adopted) shows that mice and rooks, frost and drought, will destroy an enormous proportion of the seed sown, and that the seedlings left remain in a very stunted condition for years, during which time the grass and weeds get possession of the soil and form such a harbour for rabbits that unless they are rigidly excluded by a wire-netting fence at least 4ft. high and sloping outwards and topped with barbed wire, the first heavy snowfall will see the destruction of most of the survivors. One has only to go into the adjoining Epping Forest to see how very few healthy seedlings can be found in most places from the millions of seeds of hornbeam, beech, and oak, which are the principal trees. The holly is a shrub which in many parts of the forest appears to reproduce itself freely from seed, and yet the holly is not comparable in size and luxuriance with that in the New Forest, where it seems likely to overpower everything on some of the better soil. Though Mr. Buxton very properly wishes to restrict the trees and shrubs to be planted or sown to native species, our native evergreens are so few that I think he would be wise to admit some of the exotic conifers, which, though they may to some extent take away the natural character of the woodland, will add a great deal of variety and beauty to it, especially in winter. Lastly, I do not understand how the effects which he desires can be produced if the public are allowed free access to the ground. A really skilful resident forester, having a good practical knowledge of the soil and climate of Essex, would be able in time to do a great deal if the plan is well thought out and a free hand is given to him, but for my own part I should certainly be disposed to be in at least



PANI LAO.

by planting some shelter-belts and fencing in those parts which it is decided to convert into wood eventually.—H. J. ELWES.

P.S.—I have just read Professor Marshall Ward's letter on the subject, and fully agree with him that, except under the most favourable conditions of soil and climate, which cannot be said to exist in Essex, it is better, except for the sake of experiment, to plant than to sow. First, because of the saving of time, which I estimate at ten years; secondly, because of the much greater certainty of the results. Nature may very likely defeat the most careful sowings, and then the public, even if they have patience to wait, and quite ignorant of the difficulties, will probably say what fools these men were. Mr. Forbes's excellent paper on "Natural Regeneration," which is about to be published in the Transactions of the English Arboricultural Society, must be studied by those who are to undertake this work; and Dr. Watney's beautiful common in Berkshire should be visited.

A DEER IN TROUBLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I send you the accompanying photograph in case you may think it of sufficient interest for the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. A fallow deer buck in the park of W. Dalziel Mackenzie, Esq., of Fawley Court, Henley-on-Thames, managed to get entangled in a dog wire, and having broken this and pulled up the peg with which the end was fixed to the ground, got the wire twisted like a sort of bird's nest round his horns. For some days he was constantly seen racing about the park in a terrible state of alarm, the large wooden peg, which hung down from the end of the wire suspended from his head, as shown in the photograph, driving him almost frantic. Eventually, however, he seemed to get reconciled to the unaccustomed encumbrance, he having completely failed to rid himself of it, and it being quite impracticable to catch and free him. The photograph was obtained under somewhat adverse circumstances, as it was snowing at the time and the light was very indifferent, and also it was only after the exercise of a considerable amount of patience that I succeeded in getting sufficiently near to obtain a good view of the dependent peg of wood, in which the principal interest centres.—W. S.

VERMIN CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—My attention was attracted by a note on the formation of Vermin Clubs which appeared in a recent number of your paper. Though resident in London, I am, and no doubt many others similarly situated are, keenly interested in the bird life of this country. Personally the Vermin Club is a pure stranger to me, consequently I can only guess at the means adopted for the killing of the "vermin" and the other points that arise. Surely some of your country correspondents in whose neighbourhood any of these so-called Vermin Clubs have been formed will earn our thanks if they can afford us a closer insight into the working of such clubs. Presuming the gun to be the weapon of offence, in what localities can it be used? It cannot be used on the public roads or footpaths, though I suppose that the farmers who encourage the club will allow the use of their ground. To me it seems the formation of such clubs is distinctly pernicious, for the rustic in general is about as learned regarding bird life as his cousin of the town, and the members of such clubs will shoot down all birds within range, whether they are black listed or not. The use of the gun will no doubt also lead to a little quiet poaching, and in any case disturb the game, leading to quarrels with keepers. As to the black list itself, the hawk, when bagged, will most often prove to be the poor kestrel, which does far more good than harm. It is curious how little is known by the rustic of the hawks. A hawk is a hawk,



A SINGULAR APPENDAGE.

and there as a rule his knowledge ends. Even the head-keeper (as well as his under-keeper) on a very large estate in the Midlands assured me that a cock sparrow-hawk (dead) that I showed him was a merlin. I trust that some of your country correspondents will be able to oblige me with the information required.—HERBERT S. LEWIS.

CAT AND DOGS HUNTING TOGETHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I see in your number of November 29th last a question to your readers as to whether cats and dogs are ever known to hunt together. I can give an instance. A friend came to stay at my house and brought two fox-terriers who were great enemies of the feline race. My cat Cronje had been brought up with dogs, and I was afraid that his confidence, in this case, would be misplaced. Whilst at tea in the drawing-room, which the cat was attending, a sudden barking was heard in the garden—the terriers had treed a squirrel. In an instant the cat sprang up, joined them, took in the situation at a glance, was up the tree in a second, and dislodged the squirrel, who sprang down into the dogs' jaws and was disposed of. After that, as my friend said, the terriers elected that Cronje was a dog, not a cat, and admitted to all privileges. I have seen him, too, join the dogs in a rat-hunt, but with a palpable contempt for the dogs' capacities in that line.—EDGAR HILL, Oudh, India.

WILD DARRELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I notice in your impression of December 20th that "H. Hannen" tells you that the original bedstead connected with the story of "Wild Darrell of Littlecote is now in Devonshire." As I have that bedstead here, and bought it at Christie's, your description would be correct if it were stated to be in Dorsetshire instead, and I would ask you to correct the error.—VINCENT C. ROBINSON, Parnham, Beaminster.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A WILD OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It is not often that "the bird of night" is seen flying about in such a light as to enable a photograph to be taken of him. The accompanying snap-shot was secured during a recent shooting. The poor bird was disturbed from his noontide slumber by the army of beaters who invaded the covert in which he had passed so many peaceful days. He flew right along the line of guns, and, I am glad to say, was unmolested. Many keepers assert that owls do a great deal of damage to game, and no doubt during the nesting season sometimes a young pheasant or partridge is taken to fill the hungry maws of the small owlets. But for every chick so taken it is certain that several rats have been slain for the same reason; and with, perhaps, the exception of stoats and weasels, rats are the game preserver's most deadly enemies. An old rat becomes so diabolically cunning that it is almost impossible to trap him. It is therefore to the interest of keepers and owners of shootings to encourage his natural foe, whose silent flight and deadly pounce prove too much even for a rat's cunning.—F. N.



BROWN OWL IN DAYLIGHT.